

Bitter Sweet

THE FLAVOR OF NORTH COUNTRY LIVING

\$1.50

March, 1984
Vol. Seven, No. Three

**20th Century Art
at Colby College**

**A Forgotten Warrior
of World War I**

**Winter Reveries:
Poetry & Photos**

**Wood Cookery
With A Wok**



Elm Tree in Fog by Juanita Perkins



RE-OPENING MARCH 5th



113 Main Street
South Paris, Maine
(207) 743-2532
Open Daily

Dinner in Paris

There is no need to fly to France for authentic French cuisine —
just come to Paris.

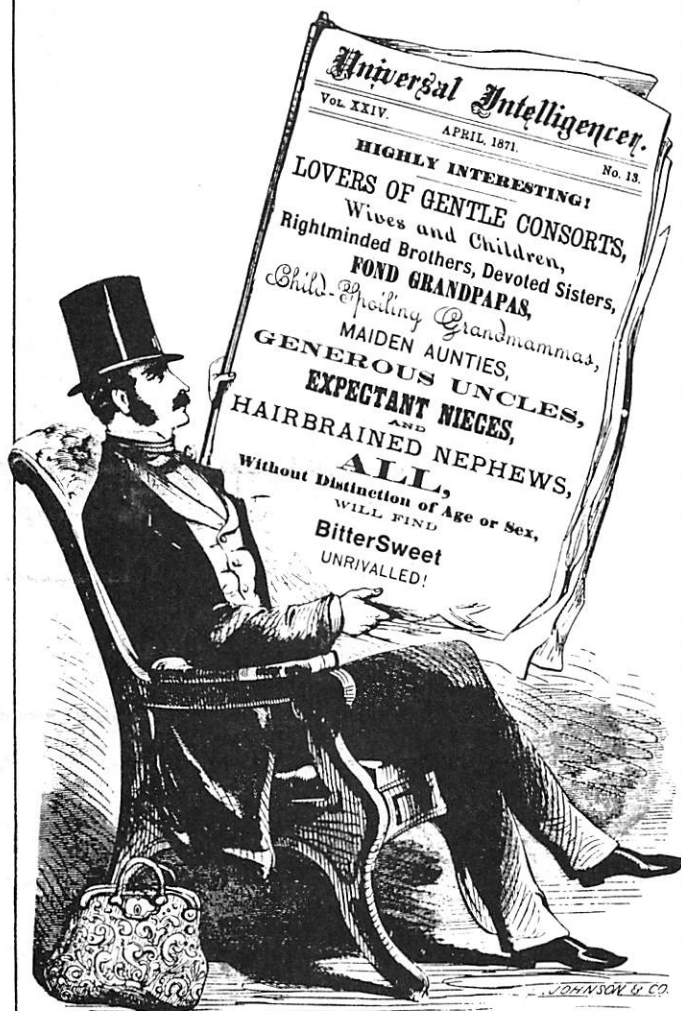
There are good reasons why people from all over New England
drive hundreds of miles just to enjoy our superb cuisine.

We are confident that once you have dined with us you will return often.

Daily luncheon specials \$2.75
Dinner entrees from \$6.50 to \$11.95
Featuring over 250 different wines

Serving luncheon daily 11:30 to 1:30
Sunday brunch 11:00 to 2:00
Dinner daily from 5 p.m.

All major credit cards accepted — Reservations recommended



ARE ANY OF THESE PEOPLE
IN YOUR FAMILY?

BitterSweet Makes A Great Gift
Highly Interesting! Unrivalled!

The Barn on 26

Specializing in Refinished Oak



We offer a fine selection of oak furniture, completely restored and refinished by hand to its original "turn-of-the-century" elegance and beauty.

Choose from a variety of pieces including round and square oak tables (all with leaves), pressed back chairs, rockers, bureaus, commodes, chests, roll-top and flat-top desks, and more.

Rely on our past years of experience to assist in furnishing your home or office, or simply to provide that one piece for a special spot. Also, bring your own pieces in for a free estimate. We can restore them to their original condition.

LOCAL & OUT-OF-STATE DELIVERY AVAILABLE

We're located 3½ miles north of Gray Village

Open 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. Thurs. & Fri.

8 a.m. - 5 p.m. Sat. & Sun.

or by appointment

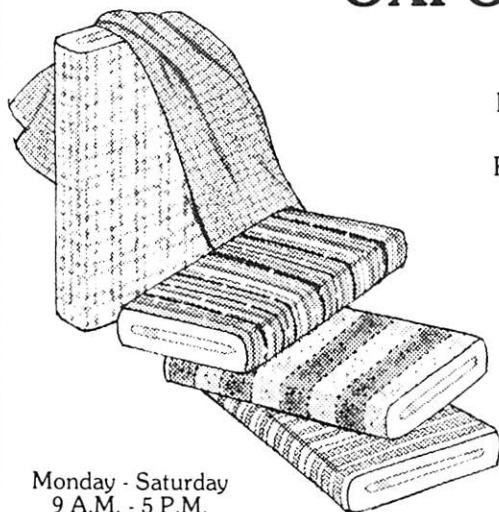
Closed Mon. - Tues. - Weds.

VISA

MasterCard

Route 26 - Poland Spring Road
GRAY 657-3470

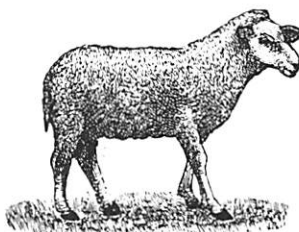
OXFORD MILL-END STORE



Monday - Saturday
9 A.M. - 5 P.M.
King Street
Oxford

Regular Yard Goods
Rug Materials
Remnants / Coatings
Suitings
Yarns / Cottons
Notions
539-4451

Wool Remnants
Our Specialty



SPRING (FACTS &) FANCIES

There it is again. Did you catch that heady rush? It's the first wet scent of spring in the air. The hardpacked case of ice on which we slid all winter is beginning to melt away, and each crunch of our boots releases tiny rivulets of black rushing water and pebbles.

It becomes so tempting to throw open our coats, leave our gloves behind and rejoice . . . except that we know winter is not yet done. Over-exposure still lurks in the blue shadows. Spring is not yet here, so we muffle and mitten ourselves until the last hollow of snow dissolves and the first yellow crocus blooms. That could be April or even May.

This is still March—whose winds, chilled by a long winter in which our ordinary snow looked good (and rare) to us, still manage to let us in on the glorious knowledge that spring will be here again; it really will.

We are tantalized by the change of seasons, even though New England cannot boast of the hardest winter (that's the midwestern prerogative this year). But we have learned that we must approach changes with a little care.

Exactly the same sort of process has been attending BitterSweet these days. With the welcome addition of Harry Bee to manage all our business affairs, we are experiencing an exciting leap forward into the future.

One indication of that is the change in subscriptions. The day is fast approaching when that information will all be computerized. That is as it should be, with thousands of potential subscribers. It has already, of course, gone beyond the time when the editor could cover that aspect, or know all the subscribers by name—a necessary change for a growing magazine. There is still an office where personal contact can be made—it's in Cornish, Maine, now.

BitterSweet itself was actually born out of such change. Its founders and first publishers saw the day coming,



CROSS COUNTRY SKIING

Available To The Community

Afternoons 2:30 - 4:00
Weekends 10:00 - 4:00
Ski Rentals & Trails \$1.00

Ropes Course Workshops Available

for further information, call 207/625-3208

BitterSweet, Inc.
P.O. Box 266
Cornish, ME 04020

207/625-3975

Elaine Dougherty
Publisher

Harry Bee
Managing Director

Nancy Chute Marcotte
Editor

Lauren MacArthur
Associate Editor

Diane Barnes
Sue Bonior
Glory Dunn
Advertising Representatives

BitterSweet (ISSN 0742-1486) is published ten times a year by BitterSweet, Inc., with offices at P.O. Box 266, Cornish, ME 04020.

Single copy rate is \$1.50; Subscription rate is \$15.00/year (10 issues), \$21.00 foreign addresses. Bulk postage is paid at Lewiston, Maine 04240.

Copyright 1984 by BitterSweet, Inc. All rights reserved.

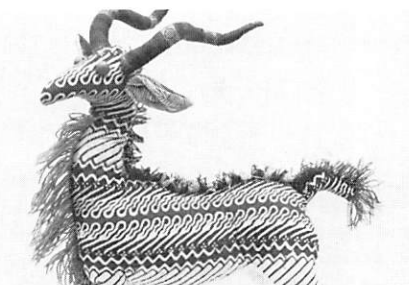
Printed in United States of America by Twin City Printery, Lewiston, Maine. Type set in Schoolbook by Western Maine Graphics, Oxford, Maine.

We encourage submissions. Address all entries to the Editor, **BitterSweet**, P.O. Box 266, Cornish, ME 04020. BitterSweet is not responsible for unsolicited material and will not return material without a self-addressed stamped envelope. Fiction, essays, historical articles, photography, poetry and art about people and life in Northern New England is especially welcome.

Cross Roads

Vol. Seven, No. Three

March, 1984



Cover: The Old Elm by Juanita Perkins of Lovell, Maine.

5 Twentieth Century Art at Colby College by *Pat Davidson Reef*. Photography by Steve Rosenthal and Benjamin Magro, courtesy Colby College.

9 The Magic Hat. *Fiction* by Robert Johnson. Illustration by the author.

11 Homecomings. *Fiction* by R. S. Waite.

12 The Forgotten Warrior: The World War I days of Frank Lawrence Briggs by *Richard P. Huffman*.

15 Recollections of Life Down On The Farm: The Big War by *Merton S. Parsons*.

17 I Am A Farmer's Wife by *Lucretia Douglas*. Color Photography by T. J. Marcotte.

18 The Elm Tree in two seasons. Photography by Juanita Perkins.

21 Homemade: Wok Cooking on a woodstove, Part II by *Cleo Stilphen*. Illustrated by the author.

24 Medicine For The Hills: Allegory III by *Michael LaCombe, M.D.*

25 Potpourri: Gardening Tips by *Margaret Harriman*.

26 Winter Reveries: Poetry. Photography by Ron Turner.

29 Readers' Room: An Outsiders' View of New England Town Meetings by *Chris Phillips*.

30 You Don't Say (humor)

32 "Rituals" — Poetry by *JoAnne Zywna Kerr*.

33 Dear Carolyn: The travels of four girls in a 1928 Model T by *Catherine Harlow*. Photos from the author's scrapbook.

36 Notes From Brookfield Farm by *Jack C. Barnes*.

in 1977, when Oxford County, Maine, and the rest of the country would find itself on a flimsy bridge of caution straddling the onrushing torrent of "progress." The first purpose of the magazine has always been to preserve the best of the past while spotlighting the changes—with caution. We think that's *very* important.

One graphic symbol of that took place near us within the past couple of years. The path of "progress" swept away a beautiful old set of buildings and graceful big trees which had been shading the streets of Norway, Maine, for generations; only to replace them with yet another of those ubiquitous plastic-and-brick convenience stores with gas pumps. To many people, it was a sad replacement.

No one was saying that progress should *not* take place on Main Street. Of course it should, and has, with many caring merchants retaining the grace and beauty of the past while still modernizing the working place. This has become a watchword of the 1980's, and I think it's good. When we throw out the trappings of another, more human era, we run the risk of losing what people like best and feel most comfortable with. Sometime we will want to put it back, but it will just cost more and take time—if it's possible at all.

Downtown Boston is a good example of that. Big, anonymous buildings have yielded a little to replanted trees, remodeled antiques, cobbled open plazas and places for people to sit. It's a far more humanly-oriented place. What price, progress, when we only have to clean it up later? Such is the way with toxic industrial wastes dumped these past years, without caution. The list is frightening.

We at BitterSweet will keep urging caution and exploring the best of our past along with the greatest of our future. And, oh yes, *you* keep those cards and letters coming. We always listen.

Nancy Marcotte



Ayah

letters to the editor

RIGHT AT THE HORSESHOES

I really enjoyed Jack Barnes' story about old country stores because I grew up in one just like he describes.

It reminded me of a visit I made several years ago to a store of the type he mentions. I wanted a certain type of can opener and I discovered that it was no longer being made. Someone suggested that a store in Porter, Me. might have one.

I entered this store and found it to be jammed with odd and miscellaneous items. One could just squeeze down the aisles. A plumpish lady was relaxing in an easy chair. I explained my need to her as best I could.

She said, "You go down the center aisle, Mister, 'til you come to a box of horseshoes. You turn right there and go 'til you come to a pile of brooms. Turn left there and down by the pots and pans you will see a showcase. There are some boxes of strap hinges in it. Pick up the box and under it you will find just what you are looking for."

She was right, God bless her, I did!

*Ray Cotton
Hiram, Maine*

FOUND POEMS

I discovered the accompanying poem written in light (and often almost illegible) pencil on the back page of a warped and crumbling solid geometry book dating from about the turn of the last century. Although the book, which I purchased at a used bookstore over a decade ago because I liked the colored plates, has long since been lost, I saved the original poem because I considered it quite appealing. The poem, which displays a certain rustic charm, is presented precisely as copied, even without the proper hyphens. The author's insertion of the word 'ma' and use of 'terrible' rather than 'terribly' lends credence to the evidence that the poem is an unpublished original rather than a copy from another source.

The poem remains untitled. No hint of the author's name appeared elsewhere in the book or on the poem itself.

will consider this
• *Myron S. Hoyt
Phillips, Maine*

Untitled

"She's an awfully cute young girl
A spit curl & frizzes young girl
A languishing, dainty, all powdery,
painty

Sit up at eleven young girl."

"She's a would be aesthetic young girl
A dote on the arts young girl
A poet in embryo, don't know a thing
you know

All on the surface young girl."

"She's a novel reading young girl
A lie awake until three young girl
A romantic, half crazy, but terrible (sic)
lazy

Let my ma do the work young girl."

"She's a looking for a catch young girl
A snatch one up quick young girl
A half do the proposing bag one when
dozing

Hold onto the game young girl."

Anonymous

Ed. Note:

This piece came to us from a source who wished to go un-named. We can only underline its sentiments with a hearty "Ayah."

But No One Ever Did

I used to wish that someone would call and say, "I have to go in to the city tomorrow on business. Let me take Al in for his treatment and bring him back all safe and sound. You take the day off" . . .

But no one ever did.

I used to wish, coming home on a cold, dreary day after treatment, tired and discouraged, that someone would come in with a simple, hot supper, and I would not have to prepare what I had planned . . .

But no one ever did.

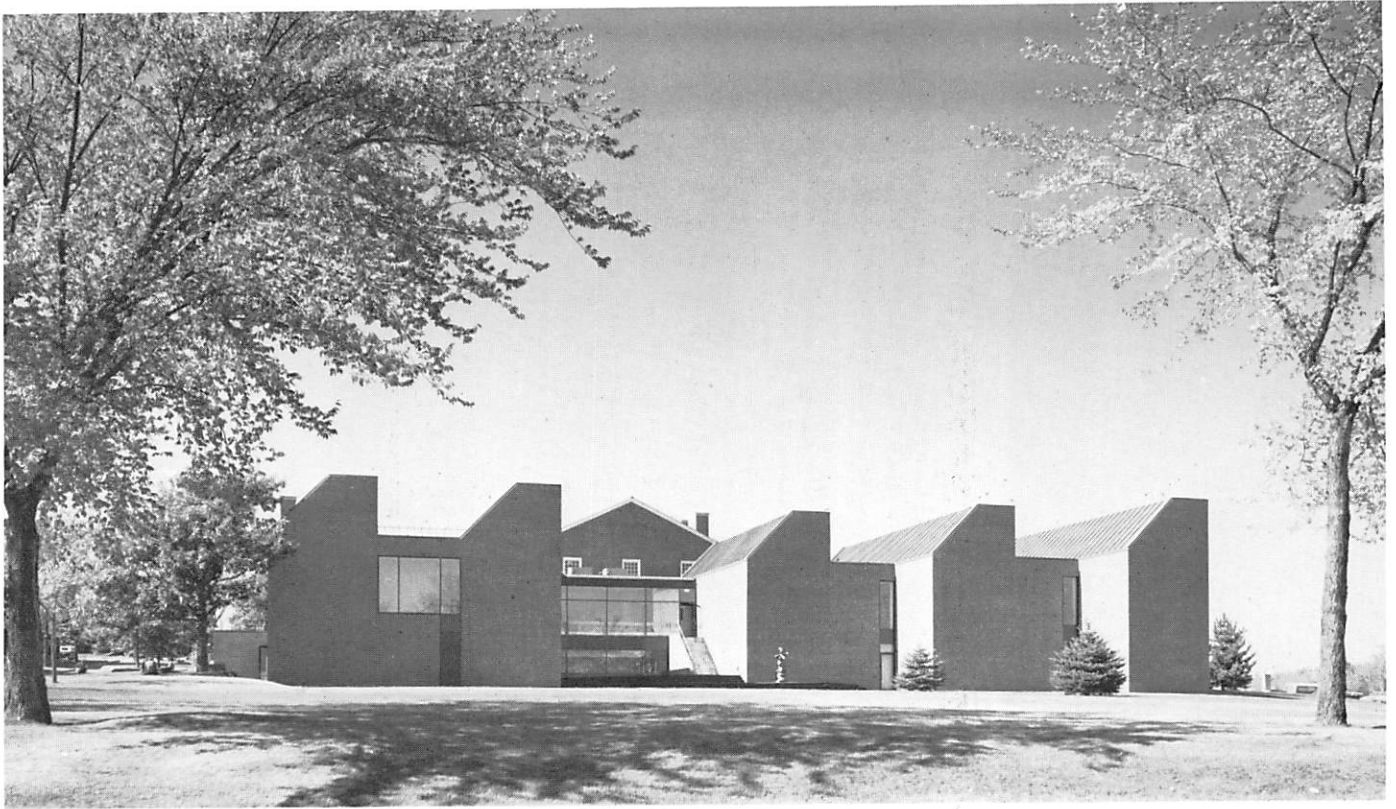
I used to wish that someone would call, pretending we were still "part of the scene," and fill us in on all the local chit-chat . . .

But no one ever did.

I used to wish so many things . . . Now, he is dead and I am inundated with cards of sympathy and notes to tell me what a wonderful man my husband was.

Too late . . . too late!

Anonymous



Twentieth Century Art at Colby College

by Pat Davidson Reef

On a large sprawling campus, with brick buildings surrounding it, stands the Colby College Museum of Art in Waterville, central Maine. Designed by E. Verner and Associates of Boston, Massachusetts, the building is composed of two floors of sweeping, clean-lined vistas, with a feeling of great interior space.

Each gallery flows gracefully into the next, and shows the handsome works to their best advantage. The intimate space within the galleries is provided by moveable panels, arranged differently according to the needs of the current exhibit, and giving a quiet privacy to each area.

The Colby College Museum of Art contains a wide and varied collection, encouraged since its beginning in 1959 by the late Willard W. Cummings, founder of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (located about twenty-five minutes away from Colby). Many of the artists in the Colby collection were introduced to the Museum

by Bill Cummings.

Willard Cummings was an outstanding portrait artist himself, as well as a strong supporter of the museum. His works are known across the nation. In Maine, one of his most outstanding works, done in 1959, is a portrait of former Colby President J. Seeley Bixler. It hangs in the lobby of Given auditorium, in the same building as the museum. It has a dignity and old world grace which reflects Cummings' style.

There are many important collections in the Colby Museum, including 18th and 19th Century artists of international importance. John Singleton Copely and Gilbert Stuart are featured there, as well as Eastman Johnson, Winslow Homer, George Bellows, and a large collection of American Primitives.

Through the great generosity and support of Mr. and Mrs. Ellerton M. Jette, the museum owns The American Heritage Collection of early American paintings. The Jettes also pre-

sented Colby with The American Impressionist Collection, which has fine examples of work done by artists, primarily in New England at the turn of the century. Benefactors Mr. and Mrs. Jette, for whom the galleries are named, have given tirelessly of their time and energy in support of the growth of the museum over twenty-five years.

The Helen and Willard Howe Cummings Collection contains 19th Century paintings and weathervanes. Mrs. Cummings recently gave the museum an important collection of Japanese art as well. The Far East is primarily represented at Colby by the Bernat Collection of Oriental Ceramics.

Other major collections include The A. A. D'Amico Print Collection, The Harold T. Pulsifer Memorial Collection of works by Winslow Homer, The William J. Pollack Collection of American Indian Art, and The John Marin Collection.



Previous page: Exterior of Lenk Studio and Museum of Art at Colby College.

This page: Interior. Steve Rosenthal photos.

The Twentieth Century

While it is clear that the holdings of The Colby College Museum of Art are comprehensive, experts agree that their contemporary art collection—the most outstanding in the state—is their greatest strength.

Many of the artists in the 20th Century Art Collection at Colby have been on the faculty of the Skowhegan School, such as sculptor *Louise Nevelson* and painter *Robert Indiana*. Other Skowhegan artists who can be seen at Colby include: *Neil Welliver*, *Alex Katz*, *Fairfield Porter*, *Henry Varnum Poor*, *James Brooks*, *Isabel Bishop*, *Sigmund Abeles*, *Bernard Langlais*, and *Ben Shahn*.

Alex Katz summers in Lincolnville, Maine. His work, "Ada in Blue Scarf," is strong and direct, its simplicity speaking more than words of inner strength and serenity. The work happens to be of his wife, Ada, but the figure on the canvas could be all women. The Eternal Feminine Mystique, it so reflects simple elegance and dignity.

As other artists have, *John Marin*



first came to Maine in 1914 because he was attracted to the natural beauty of the state. One of the most important Marin collections in the country can be seen at Colby. The Marin room houses twenty-five of his works from 1888 to 1952, in all the media he used: watercolor, pencil, pastel, oil, and etching. This magnificent collection, which is on permanent view to the public, is of special interest to scholars nationwide. It was given by Mr. and Mrs. John Marin, Jr. of Cape Split, Maine, who are strong supporters of the Colby Art Museum.

Robert Indiana, Vinalhaven, Maine, is also represented. Internationally known, he is a leader in contemporary art in the nation. The Colby Museum owns his "Numbers" series of ten silkscreen prints, and an oil on canvas called "Art."

The three letters of the word "Art" are arranged in Indiana's painting in an inter-related pattern with intense colors of red, green, and blue—creating optical effects. It vibrates with color and life. The straight-edged clean lines make it an outstanding visual symbol, memorable and strong.



In 1973, Robert Indiana generously designed a poster for the opening of the museum's new wing. A graphic of clarity and power, it reflected the artist's style well and was so well received that it completely sold out. An exhibition of Robert Indiana's paintings and sculptures is currently touring the country and will be shown at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. in the spring of 1984.

Another internationally known artist in the Colby College Museum Collection is *Louise Nevelson*, who gave twenty drawings, twelve sculptures, and four paintings to the museum. Now 82, she lives in New York City, but spent her early life in Rockland, Maine. Through her great generosity, Colby owns an exciting collection of her work.

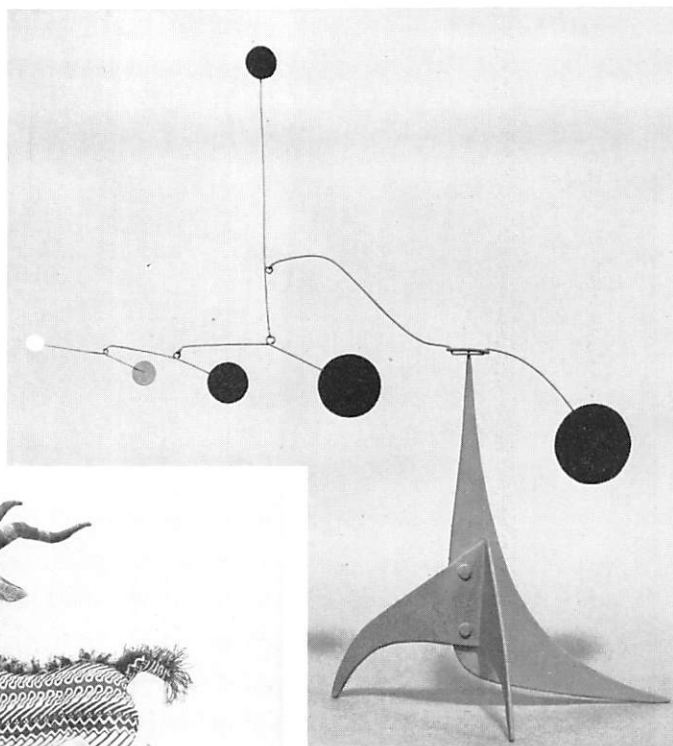
As one approaches the museum, one can see a large sculpture in the courtyard by *William Zorach*. An artist and sculptor known all over the world, he summered in Robinhood, Maine. His work in bronze, called "Mother and Child," enhances the beauty of the museum entrance. It is



one of the strongest pieces of sculpture at any museum in the state. A major work, it reflects the sculptor's mature style and shows his early sense of humanity.

The Colby College Museum of Art also has in its collection works done by *Marguerite Zorach*, William's wife; and *Dahlov Ipcar*, their daughter.

A major contemporary artist, *Dahlov Ipcar* has written thirty-three children's books. Her murals can be seen in public buildings across the state,



Above: "Black Dot in the Air," Alexander Calder sculpture.



Top, left: "The Juggler," Louise Nevelson; middle, "Kudo," by Dahlov Ipcar; left, "Ada in Blue Scarf," by Alex Katz, photo by Benjamin Magro.

most notably the Bath Public Library, the new Kingfield Elementary School, the new Gorham Elementary School, the Sun Savings and Loan Association in Auburn, Maine. Her works at Colby include cloth sculpture, oils, and graphics, as well as many studies for children's books. Her cloth sculpture is considered outstanding for the quality of animated motion she captures.

Working artists from the southern part of the state are well represented

Pick . . .

Bitter Sweet

The Flavor of
North Country Living

. . .and watch
us grow

Look for us 10 times a year
at your local news stand
or in your mailbox.

P.O. Box 266, Cornish, ME 04020
\$15/year

the magazine of
people — places
heritage — humor
fiction — photographs
and the arts
in Northern New England

at Colby through a generous gift of 60 pieces given by Mrs. J. Scott Smart. Such contemporary artists include: *Beverly Hallam, George Kunkel, John and Robert Laurant, Pat Hardy, Patt Franklin, Abby Shahn, Michael Palmer, De Witt Hardy, Abbott Patterson and John Muench.*

The museum also owns three watercolors and one drawing by *Andrew Wyeth*. Other well known artists in the 20th Century Collection are: *Marsden Hartley, Denny Winters, William Keinbusch, Katharine Porter.*

The director of the Colby College Museum of Art, Hugh Gourley III, attributes the great success of the museum to its generous supporters, and to the Friends of Art at Colby, who have worked so hard and with such loyalty to help make the museum grow. The success is also due to past presidents of the college, J. Seeley Bixler and Robert L. Strider, who have given their generous support.

President since 1979, William R. Cotter and his wife Linda have both shown an active interest. They are often at functions of the museum and their strong support has meant a great deal to its growth.

Mr. Gourley, a Yale University alumna, stresses the function of Colby Museum. Working with the Chairman of the Art Department, David Simon, he says, unites the museum and the art department and gives the museum many facets and dimensions that reflect a broad spectrum of creative activities.

Advice from James Carpenter, the retired head of the art department, has been valuable, Gourley affirms. Professor Carpenter, a well-known artscholar and historian, is still active on committees at Colby—where his advice is highly respected. He recently published an art textbook, *Visual Art: A Critical Introduction*, published by Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich.

Major publications by Colby over the years have been a leading factor in the museum's success. In 1963, the Colby College Museum of Art published a hard cover book on the history of art in Maine, in conjunction with a major exhibit. The book, *Maine and Its Role in American Art*, is now in libraries across the state and has become the definitive book on the subject.

In 1976 there was the book, *Maine Forms of American Architecture*, published by Down East Company, also

in conjunction with a major museum exhibit. It deals with a wide selection of significant buildings found in Maine, from its early settlements through 1976. This hard cover volume contributes to the history of architecture in the state and is an important statement to all scholars.

A remarkable feature of the Colby Museum is that its collections have been formed almost entirely of gifts. However, through a bequest in 1982 from a loyal friend of Colby, there is now a strong acquisition fund. Jere Abbott, once Associate Director of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and later Director of Smith College Museum of Art, left 1.7 million dollars to the Colby College Museum of Art, for the purpose of buying new work from the interest.

It is clear that the Colby College Museum is a leader in the arts of the state, and has made a significant impact on the cultural heritage of Maine. Its publications, exhibits, and permanent collections are of national interest. The new acquisition fund places Colby in a position to improve its collection professionally over the years.

An influential member of the art establishment, Colby has led the way in collecting contemporary art in the state. Its collection is of very high quality and sets an example for other museums to follow.

A 25th Anniversary Exhibit

The next major exhibit at Colby will be in the summer of 1984. "Portraits of New England Places," a celebration of their twenty-fifth year, will honor all those who helped the museum grow over the years. Mrs. Margaret P. Watson, Mr. Peter Tillou, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellerton Jette are co-chairmen of the event, and it promises to be an exciting celebration.

Hugh Gourley hopes that the public will keep an eye on Colby in the future. The exhibits are designed to interest and stimulate the public as well as the students on campus. Director Gourley sees the facility as a cosmopolitan museum for the entire state. He welcomes the public and hopes they will respond.



Pat Davidson Reef lives in Falmouth Foreside, Maine. She tells us that Colby Museum hours are Mon. through Sat. 10-12 and 1-4:30; Sundays from 2 to 4:30; free of charge.

THE MAGIC HAT

Fiction by Robert Johnson

The chalk-white house stood on a granite foundation at the upper end of a rutted driveway that was bounded by February's melting snow. A forsythia waited for warmer days beside the kitchen door that separated it from the conversation of three generations of women who had become Goodnows. Uncle Ed's Place, as it was known to everyone in the vicinity of Trap Corner, had been the domicile of Goodnows for nearly two hundred years. Originally a compact story-and-a-half cape, it had grown and spread with the increase of the family. An ell had been added a century before as testimony to a worthless son-in-law the Goodnows had brought in and supported. The backroom behind the kitchen had grown out of a desire to have more space to do the increased laundry his many offspring had created. Fortunately, this time coincided with a period of prosperity. It was this rear appendage, the slate sink still in place but now not used in preference for an automatic washer and dryer, to which the men retreated after Sunday dinner. Today, Uncle Ed and Young Jim sat at a folding cardboard table in maple captains' chairs that had lost most of their varnish over the years but none of the integrity of the good hard wood.

Young Jim pondered the power of a battered old fedora to induce invisibility and sorted the cards with a left hand that was embellished with a shiny gold wedding band. He selected a three and a nine to throw in Uncle Ed's crib. His uncle was almost a row ahead of him this second time around the board and ahead three games to his one this afternoon.

The older man pulled the gray hat down to the top of his gold-rimmed bifocals as he lowered his chin almost to his chest and peered analytically at his twenty-eight-year-old nephew. He slowly drew two cards from his hand

"Invisible?"

"Yep."

"Come on, what do you mean invisible?"

"Just what I said. When I put on this old felt hat, I become invisible."

"But I can see you," Young Jim insisted.

"Your Aunt Mildred can't," Uncle Ed replied.



Drawing by Robert Johnson

with wiry, brown-spotted fingers and snapped them into the crib, grinning from the corners of his mouth as he did so.

"I don't think it makes you invisible, but I sometimes wonder if it doesn't help you read my mind."

"Nope. Invisible," replied Uncle Ed.

The young man sighed and reached down to lift the top of the deck. The old man turned over the ace of hearts.

"How long have you had that old hat?"

"Oh, let's see," Uncle Ed replied, "your Aunt Mildred and I have been married almost forty years. I guess I've had it thirty-eight or thirty-nine."

"Where'd you get it?"

"Well, one Sunday morning when Mildred had gone to church I decided to take a ride out to the dump. I had a gray '36 Chevy Master. Nice car. Anyway, this was in the late spring when all the summer complaints were moving back to the lakes, and it was a good time to dump-pick their spring housecleaning." Uncle Ed paused to play a four on Young Jim's ten. "Fourteen." He continued: "I ran into old Nate McNeil who used to caretake for the Bowdoin's and we were picking a load of old clothes that looked like it must have come from the Smith Place. Nate said he recognized an awful old pink dress with purple butterflies as one of old lady Smith's. Big as a tent."

"Twenty-four." Young Jim played the jack of hearts.

"Twenty-eight." Uncle Ed played another four.

"That's a go."

Uncle Ed took his peg. Young Jim played a queen.

"Twenty for two." Uncle Ed paired it.

Young Jim played a five and got a go. Uncle Ed laid down another queen for last card.

Young Jim counted his hand of five, ten, a jack and a queen: "Fifteen-two, fifteen-four, seven, eight, nine and the right jack makes ten."

"Fifteen-two, four, six, eight, two ladies from Bridgewater, a pair of fours and a paragon makes twelve." He turned over the crib which had a pair of twos and Young Jim's three and nine. Young Jim left the ace of hearts on the table and started to shuffle the rest of the cards while Uncle Ed counted the crib.

"You get all the cards."

Uncle Ed laughed, leaned back from the table and pushed his meshed

hands away from him, cracking the knuckles as he stretched. He took a puff on his 20¢ cigar as he thought. "Nate McNeil and I were picking over some of the Smith's stuff, as I said, and it was good stuff, too. We were sorting through a couple of boxes of old clothes. Anyway, I came across this old fedora. It was a little bit crushed and had a stain on it that looked like 'seagull' but otherwise it was in good shape. I gave it a couple of pokes, creased it, donned it and bent down the rim and said to Nate, 'Are you ready for church, Edith?' Nate replied in a squeaky voice like old lady Smith's, 'I do believe I am, Homer.' Homer was old man Smith's name. We spent the better part of that morning dump-picking and I kept calling him Edith and he kept calling me Homer. Matter of fact we did that off and on for a couple of years 'til he died.

"You should have seen the looks the tourists would give us in Carver's Store. I'd be getting a pound of finish nails or something and in would come Nate. 'Oh, Edith, dearest,' I'd call, and he'd reply, 'Why yes, Homer my love.' Like that," Uncle Ed chirped in a falsetto. "Oh, Edith!" Uncle Ed chuckled.

"Doesn't sound like that hat made you invisible, only a little foolish," Young Jim said.

"Well, I haven't gotten to the invisible part yet."

Uncle Ed selected two cards for the crib and gave Young Jim one of those mind-reading grins.

"When your Aunt Mildred got home from church that day, I was sitting in the kitchen with this hat on digging some crud off my boots with a jack-knife. 'Where'd you get that old hat?' she asked. I told her I found it at the dump. 'Oh, get rid of that filthy thing,' she said. I guess there hasn't been a woman born yet that really appreciates anything that comes from the dump.

"I took it off, looked her square in the eye, and said with a straight face, 'I'm sorry I can't do that, for this is a magic hat.' She gave me a real skeptical look and waited."



Uncle Ed paused to play his cards and then settled back into the captain's chair and continued. "Well, I told her it kept elephants away. Now we had quite a discussion on its effectiveness on that matter, for there never has been an elephant in West Paris as far as I know. I was having quite a bit of fun with this, but I guess it was starting to wear a little thin on her for I was detecting a shade of sharpness in her voice as we debated its relative effectiveness against Indian elephants as opposed to the African variety. At that point, I put the hat back on and announced, 'and it makes me invisible.'"

"I suppose she believed that?"

Young Jim asked.

"Don't you see? I had her then. She went on about my foolishness and I just kept saying how crazy she must feel to talk to someone she couldn't see."

It was time to count again and Uncle Ed had a twenty-four hand and rounded the final corner. Young Jim had sixteen in his hand and only the pair of tens in his crib for two.

"Ready to go home now?" Young Jim's wife had been standing in the kitchen doorway as they counted the last hand.

"In a few minutes," Young Jim replied and she disappeared back into the kitchen.

"So don't tell me you've been invisible all these years?" Young Jim asked.

"Oh, heck no," Uncle Ed replied. "About the time dinner was ready, that Sunday years ago, I took the hat off and sat down at the table just like nothing had ever happened. I didn't even need to put it back on for about a week."

"I'm ready to go anytime," a voice came again from the kitchen.

The back room was getting a little cloudy from the cigar smoke, so Young Jim got up and cracked open a window as his old uncle pegged out to finish the game. As he sat back down and raked the cards off the table and into his hands, his wife appeared in the doorway with her coat in her arms.

"Want to play another game?" Uncle Ed asked, and he took off the old gray hat and put it on Young Jim's head.

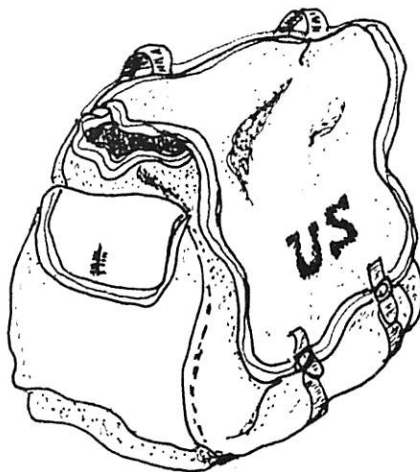
Young Jim dealt the cards.



Robert Johnson is a Biddeford photojournalist.

HOMEcomings

Fiction by R. S. Waite



The train brought him only so far. After that he began walking down the cobblestone street, walking until a broad-shouldered old farmer slowed his team and wagon and gave him a ride. In the summer sun, they began to talk.

The airline brought him only so far. After that he began walking down the pavement until a broad-beamed trucker picked him up and turned down the tape deck so they could talk.

As the day wore on they passed slowly from the coastal flatlands through the rolling fields, higher and deeper into the forest. The road narrowed until it was but a track, slipping through the glades and deep shadows of the Maine woods.

As the morning wore on they rolled smoothly past the malls and housing developments, higher and deeper into the woodlots. The road changed from four-lane to two, slipping through occasional glades and dark shadows of the Maine woods.

The farmer was gruff, used to keeping himself to himself, but from the corner of his eye he noticed the faded uniform, the small bit of metal on his chest, the patched knapsack at his feet. Soon they began to talk, at first of the war so recently over, and then of more general things: the weather, the crops, the promises of the politicians.

The trucker was gruff, used to the loneliness of the road, but from the corner of his eye he noticed the faded uniform, the rows of ribbons on his chest, the frayed duffel bag at his feet. Soon they began to talk, at first of the war so recently over, and then of more general things: the weather, sports. They did not speak of politics.

By late afternoon he was walking again, following the familiar trail up the valley. Along the way through town a few folks had recognized him and stopped to shake his hand, chat a minute and pass on the latest local news, but most of the faces he saw were strange, and they passed him by without a glance. He watched a young couple across the street, actually holding hands in public, right on Main Street. The combination of familiar surroundings and strangeness unnerved him, and he headed out to the north, into a clean wind.

By noon he was in town. One or two people recognized him and waved as they drove past. So many of the faces were strange to him, and they pushed by without notice. He watched a young couple across the street: she had an American flag sewn on the rear of her jeans, and the boy walked with a hand in her back pocket, right down Main Street. The combination of familiar surroundings and strangeness unnerved him, and he headed out to the north, into a clean wind.

When he turned off the main trail up the lane, his pulse quickened and the warm summer air seemed to buzz. He paused; the bayonet wound in his side gave a twinge, as it would every day until he died. On the other side of the stone wall was the new orchard Father had written about, and ahead he could hear the horses in the pasture by the barn.

When he turned off the main highway up the lane, his pulse quickened and the warm summer air seemed to buzz. He paused; the shrapnel in his knee gave a twinge, as it would every day until he died. On the other side of the stone wall was the old orchard Father had mentioned in his last letter, and

ahead he could hear the mutter of a tractor down in the yard by the barn.

The sunset was past, leaving him draped in the dusk as he climbed the wide, worn steps to the porch. Moths fluttered against the cheesecloth over the open window, where light from a kerosene lamp glowed. He heard the soft murmur of family voices and the clink of fork on plate from the dining room. With a sudden sharp tang, he smelled in all intensity the aroma of fresh gingerbread.

The sunset was in its last glory, tossing a faint shadow before him, as he climbed the wide, worn steps to the porch. Moths fluttered against the screen, drawn by the harsh electric light. He heard the soft murmur of family voices and the clank of fork on plate from the dining room. With a sudden sharp tang, he smelled in all intensity the aroma of fresh brownies.

Slowly he pushed open the door and entered. There were sudden cries, the scrapings of chairs pushed back — the quick clatter of running feet.

Slowly he pushed open the door and entered. There were sudden cries, the scrapings of chairs pushed back — the quick clatter of running feet.

He slid the rucksack off his shoulder to drop at his feet.

He slid the duffel bag from his shoulder to drop at his feet.

"Well," he said in a quavering voice, "I'm Home".

"Well," he said in a quavering voice, "I'm Home".

The Forgotten Warrior

A gentle breeze swept across the war-torn French countryside. The prickly heat of summer could be felt in the spring wind and the weary American army engineers were glad for that, if for nothing else. It was one of those rare nights when neither side decided to shoot at the other and a peaceful serenity hung in the night air.

The doughboys slowly made their way through the maze of deep trenches toward the rear area for their evening meal. Dinner consisted of beans, carrots and a stringy, sometimes green-colored, beef known to the men of E company as "Monkey-meat". It wasn't much and not often very appetizing but the Yanks had grown to tolerate it, even to hungrily devour it. Afterward, some members of E company headed toward the large underground shelter near the center of the trench network.

Some troops wanted to catch a little sleep before going on night guard duty while a few others listened intently to the wild tales being spun by the engineers' unexpected guest, an artillery spotter. His balloon had been shot down by German fighter planes that afternoon. Still, there were some members of E company who preferred to stand outside for a few minutes to have a quiet smoke or a breath of fresh air before returning to the musty atmosphere inside the shelter.

One man was standing at the far end of the trench by himself. Lawrence Briggs cautiously peered over the top of the trench to look across the barren ground called no-man's land that lay between his trench and the trenches of the Germans. He had seen newspaper photographs depicting Allied servicemen charging over the top of their trenches to dash across no-man's land and attack the enemy. It all seemed quite daring and romantic to him then; it was different now that he was one of those men who have to run into the withering fire of a German machine gun, seeing the men around him being cut down like wheat.

Thinking about it reminded Briggs how he became involved in this war. He had been following the conflict between the Allies and Central Powers since it started in 1914. The newspapers made it sound quite heroic, so he enlisted in the First Heavy Artillery of Maine in July of 1917, several months after the United States entry into the First World War on the side

of the Allies. He was about eighteen years old at the time, and he was later transferred to the 101st army engineers who were stationed at the Cadet Armory in Boston. Lawrence earned his private first class stripe for completing a short course in surveying at the Wentworth Institute but was assigned to E company as an assistant cook.

In September, the 101st left Boston by rail for Hoboken, New Jersey on the first leg of their journey 'over there.' A British cruiseliner, the *HMS Andania*, provided the transportation as it steamed out of Hoboken harbor on the 26th of September to join a convoy crossing the Atlantic. The trip was sidetracked by a stopover for coal at Halifax, Nova Scotia and the convoy's unexpected encounter with a herd of migrating whales.

The excitable Americans were sure the herd was really a pack of U-boats—German submarines—attacking the convoy, until they were told otherwise. The convoy reached port in Liverpool, England on the ninth of October. The 101st, as part of the Twenty-sixth Division, was sailed across country to South Hampton where they were to be ferried over the English Channel to Le Havre, France sometime around midnight of October 18th. The Twenty-sixth Division, also known as the Yankee Division, was the second American military unit to land in Europe, after Douglas MacArthur's Rainbow Division.

It was in Goudmont that the 101st suffered its first casualty. On Christmas night of 1917, the engineers had come upon a railroad tie-up outside of Goudmont. It was an extremely cold night and the Americans were housed inside railroad cattle cars that didn't provide much, if any, warmth. One of the men came down with pneumonia during the night and he died before morning. That incident had a sobering effect on most of the men, Lawrence Briggs among them. He realized then that war was not glory-filled and its true price came in senseless, often tragic death and destruction.

The engineers finally reached the front on the eighth of February, 1918.

The laughter from inside the shelter filtered into Briggs' thoughts. It reminded

him of how the balloonist had come into the engineers' midst. It was quite a tale. A camouflage balloon was several hundred feet up in the air and behind the American trenches. Suddenly, two black-crossed biplanes appeared from the east and flew toward the balloon at top speed.

The artillery spotter inside the gondola was no fool and he knew that it was time for him to depart, and fast. He struggled into his parachute harness and jumped from the gondola as the two fighter planes started strafing the balloon with machine gun fire. The spotter's chute opened just as a bullet ignited the hydrogen-filled balloon, erupting it into flames as the balloonist floated safely to the ground, or so he thought.

The men of E company had been watching this one-sided aerial battle from the ground as they stood in noon soup-line. They saw the two German planes soaring back across the sky to their base as the spotter came drifting gently down. Suddenly, a gush of wind sent the parachute drifting toward the high barbed wire. The balloonist quickly realized his situation and started shouting down to his fellow Americans for help. The engineers didn't give their lunch a second thought. They hurried to the parachutist's aid, barely pulling him down in time.

Some unusual things can occur during wartime, Briggs mused as he leaned against the dirt wall of the trench. He recalled the day that the 101st was assigned to this sector, the Toul salient. The great battle of Verdun had been fought not far from here—a battle that claimed nearly half a million French and German soldiers' lives. This was also the place where the 101st got its baptism of fire, too.

The engineers had been given the task of repairing the damage done to the French village of Chaumont. The Army had officially labeled this operation as "pioneer work" and it consisted mainly of repairing or replacing any damaged or destroyed bridges in the area, and building barracks to temporarily shelter the local populace and refugees who had lost their homes. It was during this assignment that the battle-green Americans received their first dose of enemy shelling.

by Richard P. Huffman

The attack was mainly light cannon shelling with some mortar fire, but the youthful engineers were sure it had to be the prelude to a full-scale German offensive. The startled and frightened Yanks went in all directions looking for cover as the confusion of the moment reigned supreme. It was during the melee that Lawrence Briggs managed to get separated from the rest of his company.

Briggs spent several fruitless hours roaming the battered countryside, trying to find his comrades, but to no avail. He was lost, hungry, and quite possibly behind German lines as he searched for a road sign that might lead him back to Chaumont. The French military officials, though, had seen to it that every sign possible was taken down to confuse the Germans if they were ever able to break through the Allies' lines.

Lawrence had just about given up hope when he saw a very peculiar sight. There was a small metal pipe sticking out of the hill in front of him with a steady stream of black smoke coming out of it. Now, Lawrence knew that some things were slightly different in Europe than in America, but this was too much to be believed. He had to look into this.

Briggs wandered around the hill several times trying to find a door. If there was smoke churning out of that smokepipe there had to be people inside. He might be able to get directions to Chaumont, he thought. All of his shouting and pounding against the side of the hill produced nothing. Perhaps the walls were soundproof.

Briggs wasn't too sure. However, he was sure about what to do if there were Germans inside. He had his service revolver with him and he knew how to use it in case of emergency. That might convince any German soldier to think twice before throwing his life away. But how was he going to get those characters on the inside out? He stepped back from the hill for a minute to contemplate the situation.

Briggs casually glanced up at the smokepipe and an idea began to brew inside his head. It was a long shot, he thought, and quite possibly dangerous, but Lawrence knew it might work. He quickly climbed



Briggs spent several fruitless hours roaming the battered countryside, but to no avail. He was lost, hungry, and quite possibly behind German lines as he searched for a road sign that might lead him back to Chaumont.

Lawrence Briggs,
101st Engineers, 1919

to the top of the hill and took off his heavy overcoat, carefully draping it over the top of the pipe. He made sure no smoke could get out from underneath the coat, then turned his attention to his revolver. It was fully loaded. He looked down at the bottom of the hill. Something would happen soon—and it wasn't too long in coming.

Suddenly, a camouflaged door swung open. A cloud of billowing black smoke came out from within, followed by a group of men. They stumbled around, gasping for air and coughing on the smoke. The smoke was too thick for Lawrence to see clearly; he cocked back the trigger of his revolver and waited nervously for the smoke to clear. When it finally did, Briggs could see the men were dressed in blue uniforms with red stripes down the pants legs. Lawrence saw the uniforms and immediately burst out laughing.

One of the men heard the laughter and started looking around for its source. He finally looked up and saw the khaki-clad

American perched atop the hill. The man pointed at Briggs, ranting excitedly to his friends. They also looked up and saw the Yankee soldier sitting behind their narrow smokepipe, a revolver in his hand. There were several moments of silence as the group on the ground exchanged surprised looks between them before they also broke out laughing as well.

Frank Lawrence Briggs had successfully, not to mention singlehandedly, smoked out a group of French intelligence officers from their camouflaged observation post. Lawrence did not understand much French, but he did understand the Frenchmen's gestures to come down and join them. He did and was welcomed quite warmly. The group would not, however, give Briggs any directions back to Chaumont until he had dinner with them. It was an offer that Lawrence wasn't about to refuse.

Briggs helped the officers finish off several bottles of French burgundy and found his first experience with French

field cooking to be extremely superior to its American counterpart. In exchange, Lawrence left several packs of American cigarettes for his meal. The 101st engineers were glad to have Briggs back in their ranks upon his return later that night; however they did not believe his story concerning the hill and the French observers until he pulled out two half empty bottles of burgundy as proof.

Suddenly, a bright flash appeared from behind the German lines, catching Briggs' eyes and arousing him from his reminiscing. He quickly hurried down the trench toward the bunker as his ears picked up the high-pitched whistle of an incoming artillery shell. The serenity of the late evening came to an abrupt end with the shell's impact. The Germans were resuming the war with a regular late-night barrage.

Rocks and dirt fell from the sky as Lawrence scrambled down the trench toward the underground shelter. He started to take in a deep breath as he ran; suddenly he brought his hands up to his throat and chest. Somehow, his lungs seemed to have caught fire. Gas! This artillery was being conducted with mustard gas-filled shells. The warning bell sounded and Briggs managed to pull out his gasmask when he heard the whistle of another shell dropping from the sky.

Lawrence knew he had to get to the shelter and started running, although something inside told him this shell was dropping close—this could be the one with his name on it. Briggs was close to the bunker now and he made a mad dive for the door as the shell hit, knocking him

out of the air. As he hit ground in front of the shelter door, he felt the scrapmetal rip into him. Unable to move, Briggs could smell gas coming into his facemask. A shell fragment must have cut into his oxygen line. The gas burned his lips and stung his eyes as he tried to crawl toward the shelter door. That was the last thing he remembered before passing out.

When he regained consciousness, Briggs was looking up into a sunny morning sky. He was lying on the back of a makeshift ambulance, a converted Model-T automobile. A blanket covered him but he ached with every bump in the road as it winded its way, snakelike, toward the rear area in constant view of the Germans. They occasionally shot at the ambulance, but not this morning. In spite of it all, Lawrence Briggs was quite thankful to still be alive.

After being treated at a field hospital, Briggs was transferred from one army field hospital to another until he finally came to the embarkation hospital located at Savamay, along the French coast. The embarkation hospital was a long way from Beaumont, the place where he had been wounded that June night. Briggs learned in Savamay that his cousin, Bill Pembroke, had been the one who pulled him inside the bunker after he passed out. Lawrence found the coincidence strange since he would have relieved Pembroke on guard duty that night.

Briggs also found out that he had been fortunate compared to some other members of E company. Private Fred Watson died from an abdomen wound that night while Sergeant Ralph Lasser died from

shell concussion. They were among the 3,250 men of Yankee Division who were killed during the war. Sergeants Moody and Buxton, along with Briggs, were among the 3,524 men to be wounded.

Lawrence Briggs left France on the twenty-ninth of December, 1918, aboard the American hospital ship *USS Madawaska* for his return voyage home. Briggs would look back upon his tour of duty in France as one of the most important events to happen in his life. He learned much from it despite what had happened to him at Beaumont and he had met some people that he was unlikely to forget.

The *Madawaska* arrived at Newport, New Jersey, on the tenth of January, 1919. Upon his return to the States, Briggs was taken to the Old Soldiers' Home in Ohio, referred to affectionately by many of its patients as Old Point Comfort.

There had been several veterans of the American Civil War residing at the home and many of them refused to be moved to other convalescent homes to make room for the new arrivals, committing suicide rather than be moved. It was a sad experience and Lawrence was thankful to be transferred to the First Convalescent Center at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. The recovery from his head and chest wounds took some time but Lawrence was finally discharged from there on February 6, 1919. Lawrence's exposure to mustard gas would leave him with some respiratory trouble for the rest of his life.

During the Twenties, Briggs returned to his native Maine. He spent the rest of 1919 working at the Summit Spring Hotel near his hometown of Harrison. He piloted small boats that ferried supplies across lakes near the neighboring towns. He also tried to get his purple heart.

Lawrence sent in his request through the War Department, but somehow it got lost in the bureaucratic papershovelings of Washington. He would continue to try, though, and he finally got his award after he went to the Veterans' Administration office in Rumford, Maine. The VA officer there was skeptical at first until he did some record checking on Briggs' story. He recommended that Lawrence Briggs receive his medal for being wounded in action.

Several local newspapers and Portland television station WGAN, Channel 13, picked up the story and were present at the award ceremony. The presentation took place at the Veterans' hospital at Togus, outside of Maine's state capital Augusta.

Page 16 . . .



RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE DOWN ON THE FARM

THE BIG WAR

by Merton S. Parsons

I was six years old when "The War" began in 1914. I can still remember telling Dad that I hoped the Germans would lose "because they started it." At that time the whole thing seemed very remote and impersonal to me. This was due in part, no doubt, to my tender age, and also to the fact that we had no radio in those days and had to depend on *The Lewiston Sun* for news. Nevertheless, the war became a major topic of conversation, increasingly so as the U.S. was drawn into it. And well do I remember the propaganda put out to make us hate the Germans as well as some on the other side to make us doubt our own people and allies.

For several years, of course, the war was remote and impersonal to most of our citizens, and I suspect that nearly everybody in the U.S. figured it was not our war. But, the *Lusitania* was sunk and other events took place, which increased the tension. Then, the same president who had kept us out of war led us right into it. Feeling ran high, many young men around home volunteered, the older men cheered them off and probably worked harder than usual at their jobs. The women started all kinds of activities to help. Even I learned to knit, and worked intensely, but spasmodically, at the little six-inch squares that were supposed to be joined together into blankets for our soldiers. I recall finishing one or two of the squares, but always seemed to have more urgent things to do.

One of the things that brought the war home to us was the food problem. Many food items became scarce and expensive—sugar, for example. We were urged to economize in various ways, and I recall that we were supposed to use a certain proportion of rye flour along with wheat flour. I don't remember that we had any formal food rationing, as in World War II days, but some of the same problems were present. Sugar seemed to be one of the shortest items, but fortunately we had plenty of maple syrup and used it

widely, even in coffee. We had quite a variety of other home-produced foods, of course, and didn't really suffer any.

Farm prices rose rapidly, as they always do in war time, and I suppose that our net farm income was the best in a long while. We had more money to spend than at any previous time in my memory. In fact, in 1916 we became affluent enough to buy our first automobile—a used Model T Ford pickup truck. But it had been used too much and gave us lots of trouble, even for the times. Auto mechanics were sadly lacking in those days. So, very shortly afterwards Dad swapped this used car in on a brand new Model T "touring car," and we, who had previously been dubious about the automobile, now had a vested interest in its future.

The war really became personal and close when friends and relatives joined the armed forces. Some of them never came back, but whether they did or not, it was a period of tension and uncertainty. Our closest relatives in the army were our cousins, the Clifford boys—Wallace, Earl, and Steve. They all came through without any serious difficulties, however, and became loyal members of the American Legion. Other families were not so fortunate.

A feature of that period that sticks in my memory was the liberty loan drives. The financing of the war was not as well organized as in 1942-45, and the bond selling campaigns tended to be periodic efforts of great intensity, with lapses in between. I recall attending community meetings in "the square" at South Paris at which leading citizens as well as visitors would make speeches, most of them highly emotional. We kids didn't take these affairs too seriously, but it was good experience, and gave us an opportunity to go to town more often. Sometimes these meetings would include singing inspirational songs. Included were such songs as "Over There," "K...K...K...Katie," and the like.

Then, when we were well involved in the war, came the "trophy train." This was a trainload of battlefront souvenirs—German guns, helmets, etc.—that was designed to educate our citizens and

arouse their interest in buying bonds. The train travelled from town to town with a small crew to explain the various exhibits. It was scheduled to arrive in South Paris on a certain summer day, probably in 1917. It was a very hot day, but a big crowd gathered at the train which was parked on a side track near the station. The crowd was so big that a real jam soon developed. I recall standing at the entrance for what seemed like hours tightly wedged in between my parents to avoid getting lost. In fact, for years after that a local standard of comparison in describing congestion was the trophy train crowd of that day. We finally got inside and were able to see the machine guns, gas masks, etc. that made up the trophies. I suspect that most people there remembered the jam a lot more vividly than they did the contents of the train.

It was during World War I that we had our first "flu" epidemic, starting in 1918. Almost before we knew it, half the people in town were sick with this "new" disease. In many cases complications, such as pneumonia, developed. Fatalities were high and included some of our leading citizens. We children escaped fairly easily, but both Dad and Mother caught it. Both developed pneumonia, but fortunately not at the same time. Dad had a light case, and was only sick for a week or so. However, Mother was in bed for fully six weeks. We had a "practical nurse" to take care of her and help with the housework. She was an elderly widow woman, and did very well with her varied and heavy duties. I'm sure she earned her \$6 per week and board that was the standard wage for such help in those days.

I recall getting very angry with sister Bernice during that long, cold winter. We had not been to school for several weeks due to a combination of sickness, blizzards, and snow-blocked roads. Finally, it appeared that we would be able to go back to school soon, and we started making preparations. I soon discovered a serious clothing problem. My only pair of "leggings" (heavy wool pants that reached to the knee) had a big hole in them which had developed during our long "vacation",



OPENING APRIL 12

Shalimar

An International Shopping Experience

FINE CLOTHING, JEWELRY, GIFTS
OPEN: THURS., FRI., SAT. 11:00 to 5:00

Dock Square
Kennebunkport, Maine
207/967-5611



OR



Cole's Corner
Route 1, Wells, Maine
207/985-2347

and which Mother had not been able to darn due to illness. Mother was still ill, so I turned to Bunny for help since she seemed next in line, although only 7 or 8 years old. She objected to my proposal, not because she couldn't darn, but because I had used poor judgment in letting the leggings get into such bad shape before asking for help. This, of course, was a serious offense—a mere female questioning the judgment of a male 2 years older. So I fussed and fumed and threatened, but all to no avail. Bunny, who was already very busy trying to help with all the jobs that had to be done in the house, was stubborn and implied that if I wanted those leggings mended, I could do it myself. So, finally I swallowed my pride, borrowed a needle and yarn, and patched up the hole, feeling much abused and quite sorry for myself.

The War dragged on during 1918. Finally, late that summer we began to get better news, as well as longer casualty lists, and it appeared that possibly it would not go on forever. Armistice Day on Nov. 11 was a time of spontaneous celebration, much like VE and VJ days of World War II. I recall that we were excused from school, fireworks were brought forth, and everybody felt pretty good—except those who had lost close relatives or friends. And so the war came to a close. I guess we thought it was an end to all wars. Armistice Day was made a national holiday, the boys started coming home, and peace seemed assured for all time.

OFFERMAN & CO., inc.

the subject is money- yours

OFFERMAN & CO., inc.

If you're not getting 13% on your savings dollars, you should be.

6525 West Bluemound Road, Milwaukee, WI 53213, Phone: (414) 258-3500
Gentlemen: Please provide me with information on fixed income securities yielding 13%.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____ Tel. _____

... The Forgotten Warrior

Lawrence Briggs had waited fifty-five years for his purple heart and the wait may have been worth it. At a party in the Canton town hall, thrown in his honor, Briggs received telegrams from both of Maine's United States Senators and its two Representatives. He also received letters of congratulations from Maine's Governor Kenneth Curtis and President Richard M. Nixon.

Lawrence Briggs had also claimed to be "not the marrying kind" until he met Ruth Johnson in February of 1924. He eventually proposed to her in September of that year because, as he put it later, "It was leap year and I just couldn't seem to sleep."

Mr. Huffman lives in Wilton.



I AM A FARMER'S WIFE

A number of years ago I ran into some of my former classmates. We hadn't seen each other for several years and each of us gave an account of herself and her present position. I remember listening in dismay as the others rattled off their accomplishments: music teacher, store buyer, banker's wife, to name a few. When it came my turn I mumbled apologetically, "I'm just a farmer's wife."

It wasn't until several years later that I realized being a farmer's wife is nothing to apologize for—it is, indeed, something of which to be very proud. I am married to one of the most important men in the United States—an American farmer. Without him every wheel in the country would grind to a halt.

I am more than his wife—I am his partner as well. Every wife is a housekeeper, cook, lover, nurse, chauffeur, and companion. I am all of these things, and also hired hand,

I am married to one of the most important men in the United States—an American Farmer. Without him every wheel in the country would grind to a halt.

Lucretia Douglas

bookkeeper, vet, gardener, buyer. I drive the truck or the tractor, deliver a calf, build a fence, plant potatoes, pull weeds, can and freeze all the produce we raise, churn butter and make cheese. I console him during a drought, an early frost, or time of sick livestock. I help him plan our gardens and what to buy, and when and what to sell. I pay the bills, handle the money and do all the buying both for the house and the farm equipment.

We are probably the biggest gamblers in the country. But we also lead healthy lives, with plenty of fresh air, exercise, and the best food you can get. We are closer than most married couples because our jobs depend on each other.

Farming is a seven-day-a-week job—no vacations until you can afford to hire someone to take your place. A picnic, a swim at the lake, a backyard barbecue, an occasional fireman's supper or afternoon shopping is the most recreation I get.

To be happy as a farmer's wife, it is important to like hard work, solitude, animals, plants, and the country. Good judgment and courage are a big help. Love is most important of all.

I just came back from the supermarket. Every week the prices are higher. I feel so sorry for the people who have to buy all their food. I look at my two big freezers full of berries, vegetables, and meat; at the jars of pickles, tomatoes, and beans in the cellar; the big bin of potatoes and crocks of salt pork; at fresh eggs and new milk, heavy cream and sweet butter. The shed is full of wood, the windows covered with

Page 20 . . .

This page: Winter Sunrise by T. J. Marcotte

Overleaf: Elm Trees by Juanita Perkins





plastic and heavy drapes for nights.

My husband is popping corn over the coals in the fireplace. Our little grandson is hanging onto the dog, ordering her to wait until it's ready. I can't think of anyone in the world I would change places with—for here is contentment beyond measure.

Days of a Farmer's Wife

A continuing series of ideas from the farm for ways to have fun, save money and survive the winter by Lucretia Douglas

Last fall I went to the thrift shop when they advertised a "closing for the season" sale. I bought four discarded linen (and some mixed fibers) tablecloths and several cotton out-of-style house dresses for very little money. I cut the tablecloths in four pieces, hemmed around them, then laundered and hung them outside. I had sixteen serviceable dish towels of much better material than you can buy today—and twice as big.

The skirts of the house dresses made bright everyday pillow cases. I saved two of the tops for blouses to wear in the garden with my slacks. The rest I ripped into a pile of patchwork (backs mostly), zippers, buttons and rags.

I cut an old ragged pile-lined vest into innersoles for my boots. Just traced around my boot and cut out—one for each foot. Good for lining the rubber boots my husband wears brook fishing, too.

It's chore time again—I've been waiting for the food for my pigs to warm up, and running hot water to warm the cow's water so she'll drink more. The days are getting a little longer now—but the cold is even stronger.

They start coming a week before Christmas, until eventually I have about a dozen seed and nursery catalogs. I plan my garden early. It pays to compare prices in the different catalogs for the same variety. I

find the price of a pound of Sugar Snap peas is \$1.20 cheaper in one catalog. By taking time to check them out I can save enough to try several new flowers and vegetables this year.

My oil furnace has hot water baseboard heat. The day after the temperature hit -25°F the pipe under my picture window burst and water flooded the dining area. Luckily my two sons were home and had the tools to repair it. Now I know what happened. I am burning wood in the wood furnace, in my old cook stove, and in the fireplace. I had turned the oil thermostat down to 60°F so it would only operate if the wood fire went out. My thermostat is located in the living room where it was so warm that it didn't get below 60 and the furnace didn't kick in. Now I shut the wood furnace register, keep only one log in the fireplace and turn the thermostat up to 63°F, if it is zero or below outside, thus avoiding more frozen pipes.

I taped clear plastic over all my windows—inside. I used duct tape and attached it to the window frame so it shuts out the draft around the sash, and lasts much longer than that put on outside. With drapes or curtains over this I have several layers of insulation between me and the cold. Next spring I will roll up the plastic and have it to use another winter. Clear plastic costs a little more but you can see through it like glass, and it lasts several seasons.

After the last storm I helped my husband shovel snow up around the buildings. Once a good layer gets packed down the house sure feels warmer. Snow is good insulation. I took the Christmas tree out and stood it in front of my climbing rose bush. Once the snow drifts through it gives good protection from the wind and helps keep the snow in place.

The stove pipe in the greenhouse was plugged this morning—had to take it apart and empty out more than a bushel of black, crisp creosote. There's only been a fire out there since the last of November but the stovepipe runs horizontally for about ten feet and the Ashley heater is left shut most of the time. The long expanse of pipe does put a lot more heat inside.

Just finished cleaning ashes out of my old Queen Atlantic cook stove. After I take out ash pan I have to open the little door under firebox and clean out under the oven with the long-handled little hoe that came with the stove, also the top of the oven and the space under the back covers on end of oven. I wonder how many people realize this has to be cleaned out every month or so in the winter. I can tell when my stove needs it as the oven stops browning my biscuits in ten minutes. I dumped the ashes in metal pails and loaded them on my husband's plastic sled (the long kind with turned up edges children use for sliding). Hauled them up to garden and spread on the snow. My Dad always called ashes—and snow—poor man's fertilizer.

My husband uses the little sled to haul bags of grain. Also his power saw, can of gasoline, axe and lunch out in the woods where he's cutting our next winter's wood. It hauls so easy, just scoots right over the snow. Really very handy and inexpensive—in the late winter you can buy them for less than five dollars. My grandsons use them to haul their bait pail, fish reels and "fish" on the pond when they go ice fishing.

I put a cardboard box lined with a pillow and woolen blanket on the sled and haul my little grandson when his legs get tired—it goes along easily even on the side of the plowed road.



Mrs. Douglas lives on Douglas Hill in West Baldwin, Maine. Her "Days of A Farmer's Wife" will be in other issues of BitterSweet.

Homemade

HOME ON THE RANGE — WOK COOKING

The woodstove is ideally suited to the use of the oriental wok - the removal of one of the front lids over the firebox allows the wok to be set in, directly over the fire. If it gets too hot, the lid may be replaced and the wok set into its ring, on the surface of the stove. When using a wok over direct heat without the stove lid in place, one must, of course, be very careful not to tip the receptacle, especially when deep-frying.

It is possible to use the wok for other cuisine than oriental, such as for deep-frying doughnuts, clams, and any other dish. The only thing to avoid would be dishes containing tomato sauce, such as chili, as it will remove the seasoning from your wok. If your wok is unpolished steel as mine is, avoid tomato-based dishes and also do not wash it in hot soapy water. Sometimes it is necessary to pour a little hot water into it by itself, without detergent, to loosen sticky sauces, etc., and I use the cleaning brush that I received with my wok, wiping it afterward with paper towels. I never wash the outside of my wok, and only wipe off any residue of grease or sauces from the outer rim with paper towels. I treat it much as I do my iron skillets.

Many people who own woks only use them for stir-fried vegetables, but I have found it an invaluable vessel for cooking, especially over wood fires, and as so many of the Chinese and Japanese dishes are not only tasty, but nutritious, the wok is in almost constant use throughout the wood-burning winter. I have even used two woks at one time on our stove, when my daughter has been visiting and has brought her wok with her. We enjoy getting together to try different recipes. I will list some of our favorite recipes, here:

STEAMED, FRIED CHICKEN

2 lb. fryer, or 3 or 4 breasts	2 tsp. whiskey
3 slices ginger, chopped	1/8 tsp. five spices powder
2 scallions, chopped	
3 tblsp. light soy sauce	1 pint peanut oil

Part II by Cleo Stilphen



To Prepare:

Wash and clean the chicken, mix ginger, scallions, soy sauce, whiskey and five spices powder; rub the chicken inside and out with this mixture, let stand 45 minutes.

To Cook:

Place the chicken on a plate, placed on the wooden steaming rack that comes with most woks (two thin sticks, with slots that fit together), with water in the bottom of the wok, previously boiling; steam, covered, 30 minutes; remove seasoning and dry chicken with paper towels.

Dry the wok and add the peanut oil; when hot, fry chicken until golden brown, turning as needed. Serve with the seasoning sauce as a dip. Very Delicious!

CHICKEN WINGS WITH HOISIN SAUCE

3 tblsp. peanut oil	
1 scallion	1 1/2 tblsp. Hoisin Sauce
3 slices ginger	
1 clove garlic, chopped	3 tblsp. soy sauce
	1 tsp. sherry
8 or more chicken wings	(or gin)

To Prepare:

Wash the chicken wings and disjoint, saving the tips for other dishes, or cooking for broth; cut the scallion and ginger into one-inch pieces, mix the hoisin sauce, soy sauce and sherry or gin together.

To Cook:

Heat the peanut oil, and the scallions, ginger and garlic, stir-frying 1/2 minute, add the chicken and brown about three minutes; add the sauce mixture, mix well, cover and cook 20 to 25 minutes, or until chicken is tender, stirring frequently. Serve, with rice or noodles and stir-fried vegetables. If you use the recipe for a meal for several people you will probably want to at least double the amount of wings and sauce. These are also good as appetizers.

Note:

The packaged, steamed noodles that are sometimes found in some of the super markets (labeled Steamed Noodles), are very good, parboiled, strained, and fried in the wok with about 3 table-

spoons of oil, lightly tossed, adding about two tablespoons of soy sauce, and when lightly browned, served as an accompaniment to most any of the oriental dishes, especially the Hoisin chicken wings just mentioned. Garnish them with chopped scallions.

Other, dried noodles that are good, are the long packages, labeled simply, Chinese noodles, or the white rice noodles, which are good added to soups, or the cellophane noodles, which are more glutinous, but good when you need a thickening agent and a noodle.

SUB GUM CHICKEN

3 *tblsp.* peanut oil
2 onions
4 chicken breasts
4 *tsps.* sherry or gin
2 cups sliced bamboo shoots
1 cup sliced water chestnuts
2 cups celery
2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms
2 cups frozen peas
1 cup chicken broth
4 *tblsp.* cornstarch
salt & pepper to taste
2 oz. toasted almonds

To Prepare:

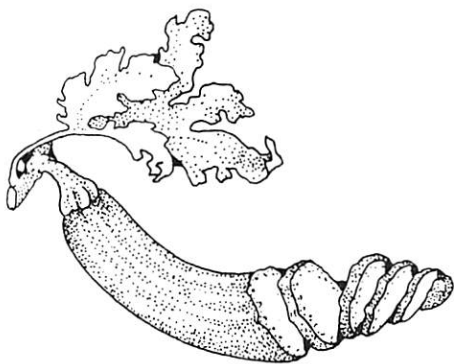
Bone and skin the chicken and cut into cubes; marinate one-half hour with the sherry or gin; slice onions into thin strips, mix the bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, celery, mushrooms and peas together.

To Cook:

Heat the oil, stir-fry the onion one minute; add chicken, with sherry or gin, stir-fry until it turns white (about two minutes); add the mixed vegetables, stir-fry about three to five minutes; add the chicken broth and cornstarch, mixed together, cook until thickened; salt and pepper to taste; serve hot, garnished with the toasted almonds. Good with rice; very rich and satisfying.

Note:

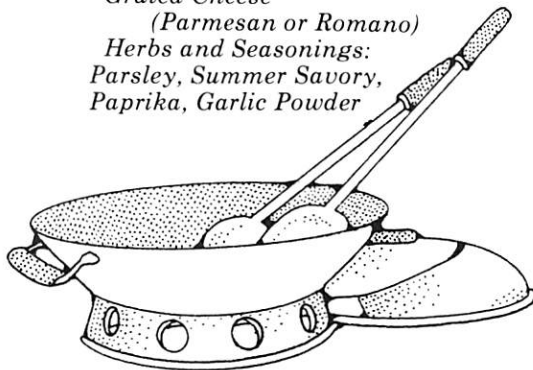
Whenever I need chicken, previously boiled to add to a dish, I always save the broth; I pour it, hot, into the self-sealing dome-lid Mason canning jars, and when it has cooled and sealed, store it in the refrigerator. It keeps almost indefinitely this way. I also save broth from roasted chicken, even with the seasonings, it always makes an interesting addition to the oriental recipes, even with New England herbs.



BREADED, DEEP-FRIED ZUCCHINI

2 Medium-Sized Zucchini
1 cup flour
2 eggs, mixed with milk
Packaged Bread Crumbs
Grated Cheese

(Parmesan or Romano)
Herbs and Seasonings:
Parsley, Summer Savory,
Paprika, Garlic Powder



To Prepare:

Beat the eggs and add milk, mix the bread crumbs, cheese, and seasonings together, have the flour handy in a separate bowl; slice zucchini diagonally (like French-cut beans or carrots); dip each slice of zucchini in first the flour, then the egg and milk mixture, and then in the bread crumb mixture; you may also redip each slice in the milk and egg and crumb mixture, for double breading; lay these out on a cookie sheet, preparatory to frying.

To Cook:

Heat about four cups of peanut oil in the wok until hot enough for deep-frying; fry several zucchini slices, turning, until browned on both sides, remove to dry on paper, and continue until all the slices have been fried; serve with or without ketchup. Keep previously fried slices warm in an oven while frying the remainder. These have a flavor remarkably like fried clams!

Try this same recipe, substituting eggplant for the zucchini, or even onion slices; can also be used for breading fish or small chunks of chicken for frying.

CANTONESE EGG-ROLL WRAPPERS

Makes 14 Wrappers

2 cups flour 1 egg, lightly beaten
1/2 tsp. salt 1/2 cup water
cornstarch for dusting

Sift the flour and salt into a large bowl. Make a well in the center. Beat the egg lightly and combine it with the water; mix well. Pour this mixture into the well gradually, stirring with a wooden spoon until well-mixed. Knead into a ball.

Turn this onto a floured work surface, kneading and turning for six to seven minutes, until smooth. Sprinkle the dough with flour when necessary. Cover with a damp cloth for about 15 to 30 minutes.

Roll the dough to form a 14-inch long shape like a sausage; cut it with a knife into one inch pieces. Dip each piece in flour, press into a circle with your hand, and roll into a thin sheet about 1/18 inch thick. I use a piece of card-board cut into a seven inch square, to use as a pattern for cutting and trimming each wrapper. Dust each wrapper with cornstarch and stack; these may be made in advance and refrigerated for several days, wrapped in foil or plastic. They will keep indefinitely frozen.

WON-TON WRAPPERS

The above recipe makes very soft, fluffy won-ton wrappers, dividing each seven-inch square into four pieces.

VELVETED CHICKEN

(for egg-roll filling and other dishes)

1 pound chicken breasts, skinned
and boned (2 lbs. weight
before skinning and boning)

Velveting Mixture:

1/2 tsp. salt
1 *tblsp.* sherry or gin
1 large egg white
1 *tblsp.* cornstarch
1 *tblsp.* oil
2 cups oil

After skinning and boning the meat, slice or shred into pieces about 1 1/2 - 2 inches long and put into a bowl of the above mixture and let set for at least 30 minutes. If you want to refrigerate or freeze until needed, however, use water instead of oil for the following procedure:

Heat the wok or skillet over high heat, add oil (or water) - 2 cups of oil, or one quart of water. Stir the coated chicken and then scatter the pieces into the oil or water. When the chicken

meat turns white (after about 30 or 40 seconds), immediately pour both oil and chicken into a strainer, saving the oil to re-use. If using water for this process, make sure the water is boiling before adding the chicken. Oil gives the meat a firmer texture; water creates a softer coating. If using oil for the stir-frying, make sure the wok is very hot before adding the oil, so the coated chicken doesn't stick to the pan, but don't let the oil get too hot, or it will toughen the chicken. So, if using the wok on a wood stove, remove to the ring, set over the closed lid of the stove to complete the stir-frying.

After the above process, the chicken may be either stored or used immediately, in egg roll filling or any other oriental dish.

CHICKEN EGG ROLLS

1 pound velveted chicken

3 tbsp. oil

6 large or 8 medium dried black mushrooms, pre-soaked
or

6 or 8 tree ear mushrooms, pre-soaked

1/2 cup chopped bamboo shoots

3 tbsp. light soy sauce

2 tsp. cornstarch dissolved in

2 tbsp. water

1 tbsp. sesame oil

1 lb. commercial egg roll wrappers
or 1 recipe, homemade

Sealing mixture:

1 tbsp. cornstarch

2 tbsp. water

1 egg yolk

4 cups oil (for frying egg rolls)

To Prepare Filling:

Soak the mushrooms in warm water about 30 minutes; rinse, and squeeze dry, destem them, and chop. Have the chopped bamboo shoots ready and the rinsed and drained bean sprouts.

Heat the wok until hot; add three tablespoons of oil and heat for about 30 seconds. Add the mushrooms, stir rapidly to sear them, and add the bamboo shoots and bean sprouts, stirring in a tossing motion for about 2 minutes. Add the soy sauce and stir. Stir the cornstarch and water mixture, pour over the vegetables and stir them until they are glazed; add the sesame oil, stir a few fast turns and add the chicken, mix all together well and remove from heat. Divide the entire mixture into fourteen portions and cool; when completely cool fill the egg rolls.

To Fill Egg Rolls:

Place wrapper with 1 point facing you, like a diamond; place one portion of above mixture a little below the center, nearer you; form it into a compact shape, about 4 1/2 inches long, horizontally; now fold the bottom flap upward over the filling, brushing the edge with some of the egg-yolk sealing mixture, fold the right-hand flap over and brush with sealer and fold the left-hand flap over so that the whole thing looks like an envelope; then roll it firmly to the upper point, which has been lightly brushed with sealer, pressing lightly and forming into a firm roll. Repeat this procedure until all fourteen egg rolls are made, or if you do not wish to make this many, you can save the filling, stored in the refrigerator and fill the other wrappers when desired. Do not store un-fried egg rolls as they will become soggy.

To Cook Egg Rolls:

Heat about four cups of oil in a hot wok until about 375°. Slide in about half of the egg rolls and deep-fry them about four minutes, turning constantly, until golden brown and crisp. Remove them with a slotted spatula to drain on paper towels, or keep warm on a half-rack on top of the wok, if you have one. You can lightly brown these rolls a day ahead, and re-fry them to a golden brown just before serving. You can also keep them hot and crisp in a 300-degree oven once they are done, or if precooked, reheat them in a 450-degree oven for about seven minutes. We even like these cold, or carried as a lunch.

These egg rolls are good with either hot mustard or sweet and sour sauce or plum sauce, or a side dish of soy sauce mixed with a little vinegar. If you wish to use the above recipe for appetizers, cut the wrappers into wonton size and follow the same procedure for cooking.

Recommended Cookbooks:

My favorite is, "An Encyclopedia of Chinese Food and Cooking" published by Crown Publishers, Inc., New York. None of the recipes use monosodium glutamate. Also, "The Key to Chinese Cooking" published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

Mrs. Stilphen is a Bolster's Mills artist. (See November, 1982, BitterSweet.)

743-6493

Bean's

Home Style Cooking
Family Dining

Main Street - South Paris, Maine
Closed Sundays



Magic Chef®
Major Appliances
Available Here



Kitchen & Bath Designs

106 Main Street - Norway - 743-7906

SMITH'S
Oxford Plaza • Route 26
Oxford, Maine



Shop and Save a Bundle



Fare Share Market

The Good Food Store
7 Tannery St • Norway, Me.

Everyone Welcome

Hours:
Tu. & Sat. 10-1
W., Th., F. 10-5

**When installing new carpet...
the "carpet" and the "installation"
are of equal importance**



With over 40 years of combined experience, Ken & Fred will give you the quality you deserve. We have to...
We stake our names on every job we do!

KEN & FRED'S

Main St. Norway, Maine 743-7293

MEDICINE FOR THE HILLS by Michael LaCombe, M.D.

Allegory III

In this allegory of medical practice, read "hospital" for "hotel" and "patient" for "patron." This is the final Medicine For The Hills column, dealing with the pursuit of excellence in medical care.

"Two things I try not to forget when I get in this vein about the patron. The first is that patrons are people, non? It helps to remember that many of the failings we detest in the patron are really very human traits which we all share. Which brings up the second point, that as we sit here, mon petit, we, too, are patrons."

"And that means we can't forget how the patron feels, how immediate are his needs, and how easy it is to disregard the needs of others. A man's hangnail is more important to him than the war in China. This is a human trait, this putting oneself above the more desperate needs of others. 'What? No more smoked salmon?' they are and are outraged more so than the man who has not eaten for a week. What I mean to say, Michel, is that this disregard for others at a time of one's personal need is neither reprehensible nor reparable - it is simply human.

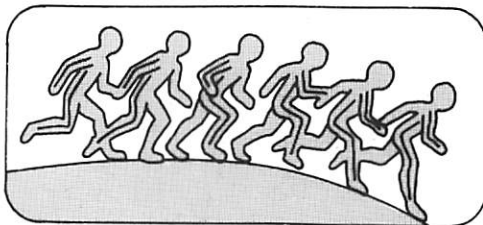
"But if the patron is human, so is the chef. Sometimes I want to scream that truth quite loudly. We also must eat and sleep like other humans; have families, like other humans, who need us more than do the patrons. One cannot be chef or innkeeper for twenty-four hours a day. And, like other humans, we, too, have our bad days. We are touchy and short with others, find an edge to our voice, simply because we are human, and for no other reason."

"It is this burden, Michel, which I find most difficult to bear in our profession - that we are not permitted to be human, to make mistakes, to have a bad day. It's an awful thing, Michel, to be expected to be perfect. The only thing worse might be to begin to believe that one is perfect!"

"This has everything to do with your issue of Quality, Michel. It has to do with how things are perceived by the patron. If we are made to be gods, mon petit, our acts become godlike, and we are expected to be perfect. There can be no issue of Quality. But if we are per-

mitted to be human, then, my friend, that extra effort, that caring that costs so little, may be seen as the best that man can offer, rather than simply a gift from God. There is a difference there, but perhaps I am muddled.

"I sometimes think, and here I may be confused as well, that the patron would like us to be gods in order to serve his own purpose. To be administered to by a god is quite something after all. And, too, no demand is too excessive for a god to fulfill, or too outrageous to request. And so on. Oh, I am sorry, Michel. I get carried away."



Michel said nothing. His friend was speaking from the heart, a rare event. He let him go on.

"And so," Jean-Paul said, "and so, when one of us, one god, falls - a guest is treated rudely, a kitchen found using canned vegetables - when a mistake is uncovered, we are condemned. Why not? We are all believed to be residing on Olympus together. I find this hard to tolerate, too, that we are all supposed to be equal, all the same: same training, the same honesty of purpose or lack of it, the same wants, the same accomplishments. How absurd that the patron, who wants to be treated as a person, will not permit his chef to be!"

(At this point, every patron in Le Bec Fin, where our two friends were dining not so quietly, every patron, dear reader, had ceased his dining and was listening to Jean-Paul. Are you surprised?)

"Mon Dieu! If he will make that quantum leap and permit us to be human beings, our dear patron will see that some of us are more clever, some more caring, some greedy, others quite giving. And where does this thinking lead our patron, Michel? To choice mon ami, to choice. Having said that, that we are human after all, and different from one another, the patron can then say, 'I will

dine there because it is cheaper, or here because of the chef's training.'

"My God! I will hang a sign behind my desk at the hotel! 'We are human, you and I.' What do you think, Michel?"

Michel spoke at last. Were there tears in his eyes? "Jean-Paul, my friend, I love you. It is beyond our ability as humans to enter into a partnership of humanity as you suggest. Just as we shall always have the loud, demanding patron, full of complaints, impatient to be served, never satisfied, so will there always be the clip joints, the restaurant-turned-factory, the ninety-day-wonder chef.

"If some patrons are too concerned with status and turn their back on Quality, then so are some of us. Many of our colleagues are as thoughtless as those patrons we deplore. And just as we must not as a group be condemned, neither should they. We exist, you and I, the Cheval Blanc and l'Ange, for the patron who needs us, not the one who wants us, and you must admit, Jean-Paul, there are plenty of both."

Each man stood to leave. Michel held the trembling waiter's hand in both of his, praised his service lavishly, and offered constructive comments about the vacherin. Michel was suddenly full of how to be a good patron. Jean-Paul, equally inspired, sought out the chef.

This evening, a box-within-a-box, a mirror reflecting mirrors, fulfilled them as had countless other evenings. They would tomorrow see the day's challenges with renewed vigor; be amazing patrons, and astounding competitors. It would work this way with them week upon week, year after year.

This night, they travelled the winding roads east to Lembach mostly in silence, digesting the evening's thoughts. Each had thought of some little quirk to be corrected, some detail to be attended to. It was Jean-Paul who finally broke the silence.

"Michel, mon petit, where would I be without these evenings?"

Dr. LaCombe, an internist in Norway, Maine, has been with the magazine since its first year. He will be contributing future articles on "Nature's Medicine" on occasion. We are proud of his contributions to the magazine.

POTPOURRI by Margaret Harriman

MARCH

As I listen to the whistling, howling winds I find it hard to picture that snow-covered field stirring to life. The Rip Van Winkle sleep of Winter is still with us but Spring is now awakening to surge forth with new growth.

It is approaching, believe it or not, and I am here again to share a thought or two with you, my gardening friends.

We've been dreaming by the fire with our catalogs. We have emptied the root cellar of the luscious pickles, jams, jellies, and preserves one by one, and have said "I'll do more of these next year." We've thought about new vegetables to try and have enjoyed the old stand-bys.

Now it's time for some of the action: fire up that greenhouse, prepare that window-sill garden plot.

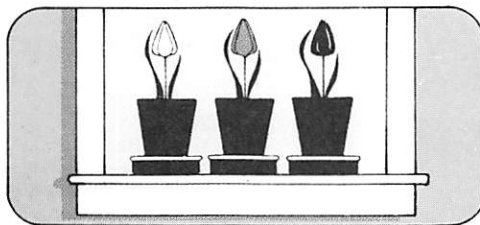
Sow seeds of slow starters, such as begonia, lobelia, ageratum, verbena, snap-dragon, pansy and petunia. Soon it will be time for vegetables and other flowers. Wet down the seed-bed—trays in the greenhouse or milk cartons on the window sill—before scattering seeds. Keep planters dark and covered with newspapers until the little sprouts peek up, then move to the sunny location. Keep them warm, 60 to 70 degrees, and moist. Transplant when second leaves appear.

If you garden haphazardly as most of us do, perhaps it's time to plan a garden plot—or is that plot a garden plan? Whichever, now's the time to do it.

Plot your garden on paper, size it and plan your rows. Buy the seeds you will need, and when May is finally here, you'll be somewhat ready. If you have limited space, say 8 x 12 feet, plan on upright, not spreading vegetables to get the most out of your garden space. A good plan is for rows of snap beans, beets, carrots, bush peas, turnips, and radishes, broccoli, some tomatoes, and a few herbs. For a larger plot—25 x 35 feet—add another row of peas and snap beans, lettuce, cabbage, onions, zucchini, peppers, swiss chard, dill, turnips and brussels sprouts. For the large garden—50 x

100 feet, producing enough for a family of six, for canning, and some for the neighbors—add parsnips, eggplant, summer squash, pole beans, potatoes, sweet potatoes, cantaloupes, watermelon, corn, winter squash, pumpkin and cucumbers.

Those with no garden plot can grow tomatoes and cucumbers in containers, a bucket, tub, or plantpot. Find the sunniest spot on porch or patio, water them daily and fertilize frequently. Tomatoes may need to be staked and tied; cucumbers should be



allowed to trail. Plant scarlet runner beans in the back of your flower garden, against the house, or around the mailbox. They will be beautiful and bountiful as well. Use your imagination and you'll find many possibilities.

Take cuttings of geraniums, fuschias, and coleus, in readiness for spring planting. Remember to remove mulch from your bulb beds before the pips break through. Check your gardening tools now, and think of new purchases; tools usually go on sale before planting time, and then become

impossible to find if you wait until you need them.

While bringing up rhubarb from the freezer today, I thought that perhaps now is a good time to mention a few pointers on this delicious "pie plant." Rhubarb can be bought from the seed companies, or perhaps your neighbors have some that can be divided. Give rhubarb some "elbow room"—it needs about three feet of space for each plant. Plant deep, so the growing eyes are about 2 inches below soil level, and form a shallow saucer around plants to catch and hold water. Rhubarb needs a lot of water, and the richest soil around. Manure is the best fertilizer that I know of—cow or hog manure is used most.

Rhubarb stalks should be pulled and twisted from the plant, not cut off. For new plants, don't harvest the first year, but allow to grow. Pick sparsely the second year, and all you want from then on, as long as you leave some to strengthen the plant. Cut the flower stalks off at the first sign of them, as they waste energy and seem to cut production short. Divide plants every few years.

May Spring fill your soul with hope as the earth awakens, and the miracle of re-birth unfolds before us. *

Margaret Harriman owns Little Ossipee Florist and Greenhouse in Limerick, Maine. She is a frequent teacher and lecturer on the subject of growing and drying flowers.

PERENNIAL POINT OF VIEW

O wild west wind —Shelley
Thine azure sister of the
Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming
Earth and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks
To feed in air)
With living hues and odours
Plain and hill

Perennial nursery opening April 15
Pond Rd. Bridgton 647-8084

Bolster Monumental Works

In business for 94 years
John A. Pratt (Prop.)

**Marble & Granite
Monuments & Headstones**

Route 26 • Oxford, Me. • 743-2673

UNSEEN HANDS

Cold fingers pinch my cheeks,
As I walk along the snowy road,
Unseen hands grab my scarf and
Twist it about,
Someone tosses snow about my face,
As if naughty children were hiding behind
The snow covered bushes,
And playing tricks.

I look around and realize,
It is only
"old Man Winter"
Making us realize how helpless we
really are at his mercy,
He pushes us along as we hurry
Toward warm fires,
And hot chocolate,
Snug and Warm, and in control again...

*Joan Marr
South Waterford*

FARM AT SUNRISE

As the sunlight
gilds
the whitened
fields,

the farm
waits
fitfully for
day
to begin.

Idleness
is not
its
code.

*G. C. Harrington
Augusta, Maine*

LOVE LIE WEIGHTLESS

Gentled in the windless calm
One on one they build to fill
The axil of the fragile bough.
Delicate flakes
Lie weightless. Still.
Until a sparrow lights to search
The window sill and spills
The snow.
Delicate flakes fall below
Compress beneath my feet.
Love lie lightly as the snow
That filled the fragile bough
Lie weightless, still
And fill the fragile soul
Gentled in the windless calm.

*Anne Scott-Woodson
Deer Run Farm
Kezar Falls, Maine*

Winter Reveries





Photography by Ron Turner, Yarmouth, Maine

after the blizzard

the loon riding the storm out
on his yellow band of snow
& sea water
will know he rode a lucky streak,
a leftover slice of sun
or winter tea-lemon moon:
there is no horizon
to the bay,
just grey & white & grey again
rumpled like a dirty quilt,
no shift of sea to sky,
only the loon on his slipped banana,
peeling, riding high.

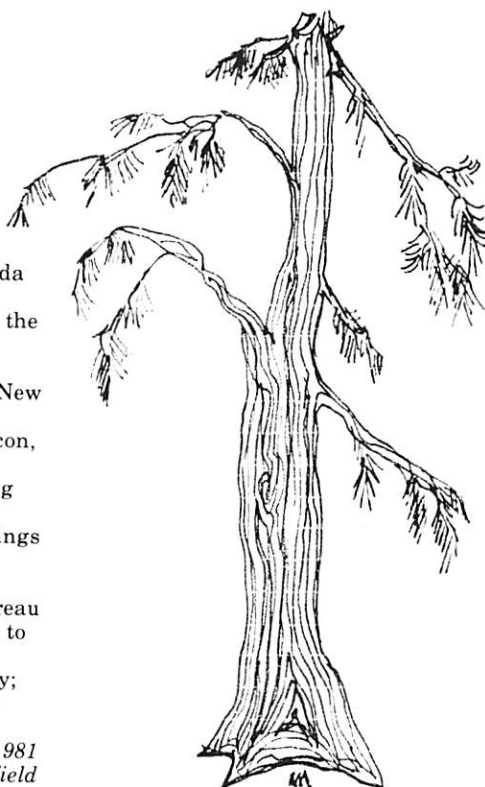
*Grete Goodwin
Cape Neddick, Maine*



THE TALL PINE

The tall pine stood for years on Canada Hill,
Outtopping others, stretching toward the sky,
A watchful sentinel, a vantage point
From which a climbing boy might see New Hampshire.
An ancient landmark, a daytime beacon,
its green top
Cheered the returning traveler nearing home
With thoughts of solid and familiar things
Dear to the heart, though distantly perceived.
Where are you now, O lofty pine? Thoreau
Thought tall pines might go with him to heaven,
Providing shade for angels. I can't say;
The last I knew, you were pointing up
that way.

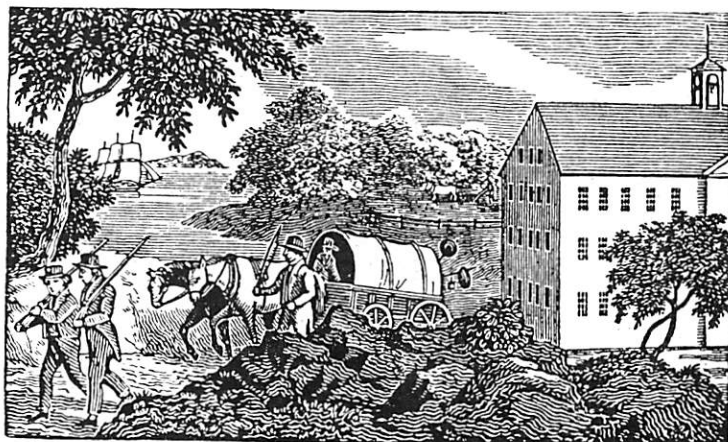
*John E. Hankins, 1981
East Otisfield*



DEATH WILL NOT BE HERE TODAY

After untimely cold, the weather has settled
Warm air and sun penetrate wood, being,
bone.
I, impatient, remove the storm sash by
my desk
And stand to watch a dove rest broad-
bodied
In the garden straw.
Eye now open, eye now closed, it sleeps in
fitful time.
Sleek, mauve bird, retina a screen of
moving images
You have not rest as I define.
A shrill call, small birds dart to bush and
frozen stance
The dove remains, translucent membrane
still
Until from white pine top a jay attacks the
hawk and frees
The feathered statues with a screech.
Death will not be here today.

*Anne Scott-Woodson
Deer Run Farm
Kezar Falls, Maine*



From the
early days,
Americans have
sought to protect their
HOMES, FAMILIES, and
TRANSPORTATION . . .

Shouldn't you have
adequate coverage?

check with

robert l. milton
insurance agency
for all your insurance needs

• life
• group

auto •
home •

Lower Main Street, Norway
743-6554

Main Street, Gray
657-3999

871 Court Street, Auburn
783-1221

Pick . . .

Bitter Sweet

. . . and watch us grow!

P.O. Box 266 - Cornish, ME 04020

Send me 10 colorful issues this year.

1 year (10 issues) @ \$15.00 (U.S.A.)

@ \$21.00 (foreign addresses)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check enclosed

☐ Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard Card # _____

expiration date _____ Signature _____

Pick Bitter Sweet . . .
. . . and watch us grow!



BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. ONE CORNISH, ME 04

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

BitterSweet Magazine
P.O. Box 266
Cornish, ME 04020

READERS' ROOM

An Outsider's View of New England Town Meetings

A New England town meeting is an event everyone should attend at least once in his lifetime.

While working for a small town Maine newspaper last year, I had the chance to experience one of these gala affairs firsthand. I was assigned to report on the town meeting in a tiny hamlet in the southwestern part of the state.

It should be a pretty harmless day, I thought. Little did I know what was in store for me.

Since I come from a big city in Virginia, it seemed very strange to me for each person in a township to have so much say in local affairs. Back home, not only did most people not give two hoots about taking part in government, they wouldn't know their local lawmakers if they passed them on the street.

One reason I came to Maine was to get a taste of this personal touch in politics. I was convinced that New England was the place for me after reading an article in *National Geographic* which praised and exalted the new England town meeting.

Everyone's voice is heard, it said; the spirit and essence of democracy remains tried and true in this little corner of the United States. Now that's the way the good ol' U.S. of A. was meant to be.

Still, after sitting through one of these marathon events, I'm not sure it is all the *National Geographic* has it cracked up to be. To be sure, town meetings have many, many good points, but they have a couple of drawbacks, too.

Just electing new town officers takes all morning. I never dreamed that a town with a population of 1,300 could have so many elected posts: selectmen, school board directors, budget committee members, planning board members, school fund officers, surveyors, town clerk, public works commissioner, code enforcement officer—plus alternates for all the above—and even a fence viewer.

Now what the heck does a fence viewer do? Even if he does serve some useful purpose, is it really necessary for him to be chosen by popular vote?

Silly question. Of course it is. Otherwise, why would five people vye for the job and why would there have to be four different ballots before a candidate finally wins?

Yep, that fence viewer must be a pretty important feller, having to view all those fences and all.

By the time town meeting adjourned for lunch, 72 articles—count 'em, 72!—still had to be acted on. I was nearly ready to yank my hair out.

I felt sure that after a relaxing lunch, everyone would be too full, too relaxed, and in too peaceful a state of mind to be very vocal about the articles. Besides, they all seemed cut-and-dried.

How wrong I was.

Nary an article made it through that assembly of citizens without someone deciding that there should be a heated discussion before any action was taken. It didn't matter how clear-cut the article was, they wanted to bicker about it. And they enjoyed every minute of it.

I figured they spent the remaining 364 days of the year looking forward to this festive occasion and they weren't about to let it slip by too quickly. I never knew people could get incensed over such a "pressing" issue as whether they should purchase a new fourwheel drive truck for the town. Well, they can.

I found myself praying for people to keep their mouths shut. Just "so move" it and vote on it. To blazes with an open exchange of opinion and freedom of speech. Let's just get this over with.

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK — Your Hometown Friend Since 1886

presents
**THE
MAINERS**
by
Tim Sample

Reprinted
by
permission
of
Thorndike
Press



THE MOTION IS PASSED!...TO KEEP MAUDE PETERS AS TAX COLLECTOR
SEEM AS HOW EVERYBODY ALREADY KNOWS WHERE HER HOUSE IS!



EQUAL HOUSING LENDER
MEMBER FDIC

- Norway
- Bridgton
- Fryeburg
- Naples

Dealer in

trak 
 & Jarvinen Wood Stoves

X-Country Skis
 Fish scale & omnitrak
 Sales • Service • Rentals
 Clothing • Waxes • Gaitors
 Poles & Bindings

Frost & Flame
 Cor. Sand Bar Rd. & Rte. 115
 No. Windham, ME 892-3070

Ledgewood Motel

- Large, comfortable rooms.
- Central to great skiing.
- Miles of x-country and snowmobile trails with ski rentals nearby.
- Better than ever with off-season rates.



Rt. 26 - Norway, ME 04268
 207-743-6347

 **HOP RIGHT DOWN THE SKI BUNNY TRAIL TO PRIM'S**

We Treat All our Customers With T.L.C.

Cards,
 Candy, Cologne,
 Stuffed Animals,
 Metallic Outline Markers

Crutches, Ice Packs,
 Liniment, Ace Bandages,
 E.T. & Smurf Vitamins,
 Moisturizers, Chapstick,
 Tape, Gauze



We Make our own Baskets



Main Street Market Square
 Bethel, Me. South Paris, Me.
 207/824-2820 207/743-6223

"They may not be the most efficient way of doing business—but they are the most democratic."

All I could speculate was that the citizens went into intensive physical training for this meeting months in advance, because no one seemed the least bit wearied; indeed, they looked invigorated.

I, on the other hand, was a mess. My nerves were shot, my pens were out of ink, and I was seriously considering going back to the big city on the next plane.

When the last article was voted on, it was all I could do to restrain myself from jumping for joy. (It was a good thing I didn't, since my legs had fallen asleep.)

As I hobbled out of town hall, I was thinking of some choice comments I wanted to share with the editor of *National Geographic*.

But now that I've had a chance to revive from the ordeal, I look at town meetings in a much more positive frame of mind. They may be a little long-winded at times, but that's a small price to pay for bona-fide democratic government by the people and for the people.

And they are only once a year. By the time the next one rolls around, I suppose I'll be able to grin and bear it.

Who knows....maybe I'll even run for fence viewer.

*Chris Phillips
 Abingdon, Virginia*

TRANSFORMATION

Oh, look!
 See the snowflakes!
 See them get bigger and bigger!
 See them turn into bills,
 drift through the cracks
 of the mailbox lid
 and lie there
 looking ugly,
 waiting
 like dry ice
 To burn my hand.
 (Melt, damn you!)

*Pat White
 Otisfield*

You Don't Say

Literate Deer

Windsor Drury was a famous bear hunter. Once a game protector arrested him because he caught a deer in one of his bear traps. In court, the case was argued without Windsor having much to say in his own defense. Finally, the court adjourned without having reached a decision and Drury was freed.

As a parting shot, he said to the judge: "From now on, I'm going to put a sign on each of my bear traps, 'All deer keep out.' If you don't want me to catch them, you'd better teach the deer to read."

Quahogs

In an earlier day in Maine, two travelers from the South were visiting the state. At several inns, the only meal they could get was ham and eggs.

At last they reached Portland, where the host announced that clams were available. Both men smiled and said they would take them. In a few minutes, the proprietor returned to announce that the tide was too high for him to dig clams, but that he had some nice quahogs.

"Oh no," said one of the men, "not ham again."

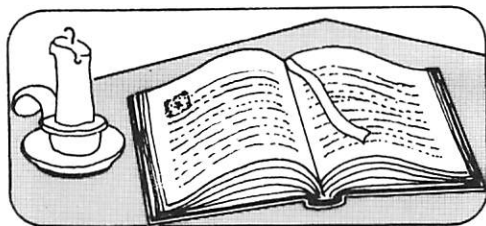
Naples Divided by Politics

Once upon a time, the citizens of Naples, Maine, took their politics seriously, and bitter rivalries developed. The Democrats erected one flag pole and the Republicans another. Because the physician in town was an active Democrat, the Republicans hired a practitioner whose political views matched theirs. A church was given two doors, so that as worshippers entered, those of one party could separate themselves from the contaminating influence of the other.

Building a school with two doors did not solve the problem so easily. For when one faction appointed a superintendent and teachers, the other faction immediately did the same. Having two teachers, with differing political views, in each room made for an exceedingly complicated situation. Finally, in 1904, the state legislature passed a special law to resolve the difficulty.

*William Tacey
 Waterford*

*Federal Writers Project
 Works Progress Admin.*



Goings On

Off The Shelf (Book Review)

Fox & Geese & Fences

A Collection of Traditional Maine Mittens

Robin Hansen

Down East Books, 1983.

72 pages, 8 color photos, 48 black and white illustrations. \$6.95 plus \$1.25 for postage & handling, 5% tax for Maine residents.

Anyone interested in making traditional Maritime mittens and hats will thoroughly enjoy this book. It is written conversationally and with appreciation for history. Techniques (some unfamiliar to experienced knitters) for constructing a pattern are carefully outlined. Illustrated instructions are good. Color photographs are striking. A good selection of adult and baby patterns. Not recommended for beginning knitters.

Reviewer:

Patricia Peabody
Ewes Wool Shop
Bridgton, Maine.

Forum-A, the community arts office of the University of Maine at Augusta, announces the events of March and April. Bronwen Tudor is the person to contact for more information, at 207/622-7131, ext. 212.

Theatre:

Mar. 16: Jackie Torrence, the keeper of history and the weaver of fantasy, 8 p.m., Jewett Hall. Stories of muses, ghosts, demons and more. Reservations, ext. 271.

Mar. 17: Children's Matinee, Jackie Torrence, the Story Lady, 2 p.m., Jewett Hall. Tall Tales, Jack Tales, Ghost Tales, Uncle Remus Tales. Reservations, ext. 271.

Exhibits:

Mar. 5 - Mar. 30: First Biennial Area High School Art Exhibit, Jewett Hall Gallery. Hrs. Mon.-Thurs. 8 a.m.-9 p.m.; Fri. 8 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

Feb. 27-Apr. 6: Drawings by Henry Nigl of Brunswick, Maine, Learning Resources Center. For hrs. call 622, 7131, ext. 222.

Apr. 2-May 4: Annual UMA Student Art Show—selected works and diverse media, Jewett Hall Gallery.

Apr. 9-May 25: Acrylics by Phil Kaelin of Lincolnville, Maine, Learning Resources Center.

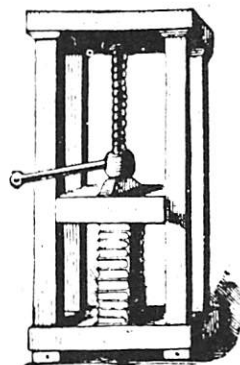
Music:

Apr. 5: Chamber Music by the Empire Trio. Variety of works from classical composers to contemporary jazz for piano, clarinet and violin. Jewett Hall Auditorium, University of Maine at Augusta. Reservations, ext. 271.

Apr. 26: Relive the era when Jazz was "jass" and jass was king, with Bourbon Street Jass Band, Jewett Hall Auditorium. Information and reservations, ext. 271.

We are continually impressed by the special offerings of *Temple Shalom Synagogue Center* in Auburn. Although their notices arrive too late for our publication deadline, they intrigue us by the variety and depth of their changing classes and events. Recently, they have been featuring Aerobic Exercise classes, Silversmithing, Cake decorating for children, Jewish study courses such as Hebrew for Beginners and the political Emergence of the Modern Jew, Calligraphy, Karate or Sign Language for Kids, Stained Glass Workshop, and Jazz Dancing.

Contact Elliot Gruber at Temple Shalom, 74 Broadman St., P.O. Box 259, Auburn, ME 04210 (207/786-4201).



MWPA

Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance

p.o. box 7542 dts, portland, maine 04112



harmonize
with

Sweet
Adelines, inc.

The prospective Yarmouth Chapter of Sweet Adelines, Inc. rehearses Thursday evenings at the Community House, 57 E. Main St., Yarmouth. Call 856-6241 for information.

Goings On

As always, the offerings at **Hebron Academy's Hupper Gallery** will be interesting this coming spring. Director Tony Mollica announces the following:

Apr. 1-May 4: Photographs by Skip Churchill of Hebron and Cleve Bachelder of South Paris, Maine. Nature at its best. Opening Reception Sun., Apr. 1 from 2-4 p.m. Gallery hrs. available at 207/966-2100.

Apr. 12: Wind & Thunder musical concert, an authentic and energetic performance using Asian, African and Latin American melodies and rhythms. Hebron Community Baptist Church, 8 p.m. Small admission charge for those not with Hebron Academy community.

At **Bates College** this month, the emphasis is on war, with programs scheduled:

Mar. 8: Colloquium on Nuclear Weapons and Arms Control by John Birks, prof. of chemistry at the Cooperative Institute for Research in Environmental Sciences at the University of Colorado. Two lectures at 4:00 and 8:00 p.m., Chase Hall Lounge. Free.

Mar. 8: Forum on the War Powers Act and its role in American foreign policy with Garold Thumm, prof. of political science, and Mark Kessler, political science instructor, 7:30 p.m., Skelton Lounge, Chase Hall. Free.



Bird of the Evening, sculpture by Cabot Lyford.

At **Hobe Sound Galleries North**, One Milk Street, Portland, Maine, an exciting sculpture show by Cabot Lyford will continue until Mar. 11, Tues.-Sat. 10:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

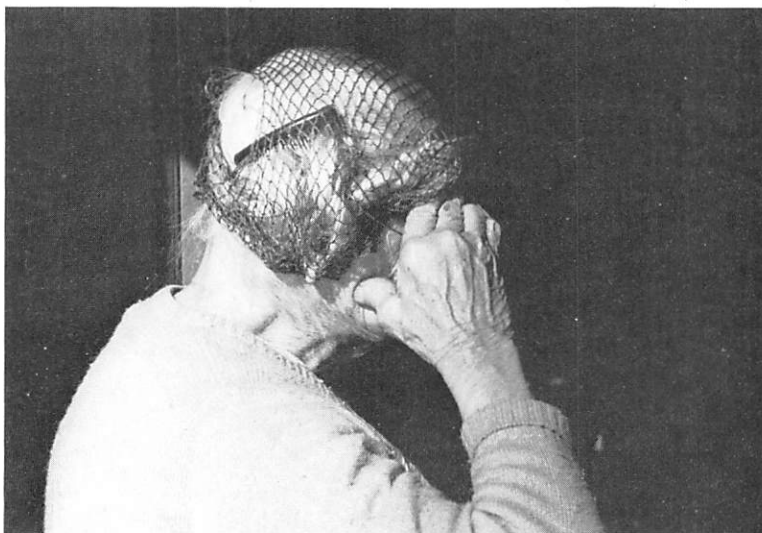
Also in the art world, **Portland Museum of Art** has the following offerings this month:

Mar. 8: Drawing Class begins (ages 13-16), 3:30-5:30 p.m. Tuition: \$55 members/\$65 non-members.

Mar. 11: Second Sunday Concert

Series with Neil Boyer, oboist; John Boden, trumpetist; Ronald Cole, pianist. Museum auditorium, 3:00 p.m. Free with museum admission.

Mar. 15: American Glass Lecture Series with Jane Spillman. Mar. 22: Miriam Mucha speaks; Mar. 29: Dorothy Lee Jones completes the American Glass Lecture Series in March. Museum auditorium, 10:30-12:00. Series tickets \$30/\$35; Single tickets \$8/\$10 non-members.



RITUAL

Head tilted
comb in hand
water in glass
hair loose
down, down
gentle waves
veiling her
farm lady
morning grace
grandma
before constraint.

*JoAnne Zywna Kerr
Weld*

Dear Carolyn,

(Part V)

Conclusion

It was August, 1928, when my three travelling companions and I left California for our trip home in the Model A Ford. We had been told we must not cross the Mohave Desert in the daytime because of the intense heat and dryness, so we started from San Bernardino at about five in the afternoon. Though the road was poor, the temperature was agreeable and water and gas stations were frequent. We met few travellers. It was both scary and pleasurable in that, since we had moonlight, we could see things along the road, like the large Saguaro cactus, the sand dunes, the mesa-like formations, and the strange Joshua trees. With the dawn, we came upon cars all along the highway entrances to the desert, their occupants stretched out on blankets on the ground beside their cars.

As we came out on higher land, the air became cold enough to demand donning our coats. We were now headed for the last highlight of our trip, the Grand Canyon of Arizona. To get there meant riding on wretched roads, through miserable, tiny towns far apart, and by an Indian Trading Post. Though there were some scattered trees, there seemed to be no grass, and the thin, scrawny cattle we saw evidently lived on sagebrush. Consequently, we came upon many carcasses of cows and horses, and often would detect their presence by the odor long before we saw them.

After all this, we were not prepared for the sudden glory of the canyon. It was so like the many pictures we had seen of it that there was a nagging feeling, at first, of having been there before. But the area was so vast, there were so many kinds of weather to be seen all at one time, and the colors in the canyon changed so constantly (though the reds seemed to predominate), no view was ever the same, even from the same spot. I think our favorite view was from Yavapai Point.

At that time, the cabins and tenting areas were unpretentious, though there was a good hotel to stay in. That, we decided, was as it should be, for the canyon was and should have been your real joy. We had wisely decided to rent a cabin instead of tenting, since we were to stay several days. This made it easier for us to go exploring along the rim and savor each view.

Among the things there were to do, besides walk, were shopping in the Indian Craft Store with its unique Navajo rugs and blankets, its silver, beads and other

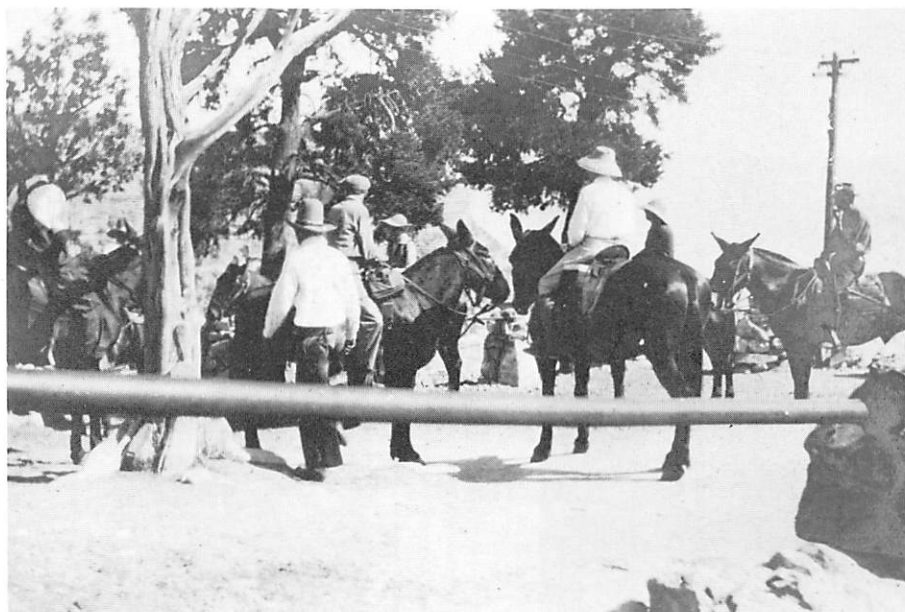


In the Mohave Desert, 1928

Indian handicrafts; seeing the beautiful petrified wood pieces that were like polished stone except that one saw the tree growth rings that assured you it had once been a real tree; hearing talks by the ranger on the origin and geology of the canyon; and seeing the unusual and most exciting Indian dances done to the beat of a drum and the masculine chanting of appropriate tribal songs. We saw three dances: the Buffalo Hunt, the Rain Dance, and a war dance. Each had intricate sort of up-and-down foot stomping and arm movements. The costumes varied with the dance, but all included feathers, paint,

Mules ready for trip into Grand Canyon

At Santa Fe, New Mexico, we discovered our car had broken springs and shock absorber problems—the inevitable result of washboard roads, plus rocks and holes. While the car was being mended, we explored this capitol of New Mexico, the second largest city in the United States (though it had a population no greater than Norway, Maine, today).





Above: a New Mexican Indian pueblo; Below: four girls on tour, at San Gabriel Mission

beads, and beaded moccasins. Many years later, I saw similar dances done by other Indians, and found them equally exciting and artistic.

Having come this far and not expecting ever to make it again, we had decided we must see all there was to see, even though it meant riding a mule down those narrow, crooked, hairpin trails into the canyon to spend the night and, at least, put a finger in the Colorado River that had made the canyon. So, at nine o'clock one morning, we donned shapeless, widebrimmed straw hats, put the few necessities allowed in the large white bags provided, and boarded a bus for the Hermit Trail. In our knickers

and sweaters, we felt uncomfortably conspicuous, since all the other bus riders wore swank clothes. As a matter of fact, when we stopped at Hermit's Rest to be served grape juice and cookies, the girls looked us over critically and asked if we were with the rest of the party!

But we were glad of our clothes when we mounted those huge mules, which seemed at least six yards around and a mile up from the ground. The saddle was a western one and very, very hard. The path down into the canyon was a very narrow one, and though occasionally a mule would slip a bit and scare us badly, we were assured the animals were surefooted, safe, and had



had much experience. On occasion, too, the mule would stop, peer over the edge, contemplating a mouthful of grass (the guide said, "contemplating a short cut!"), then trot to catch up with the others. When you realize the narrow trail was a zig-zag, hairpin, constantly downward one, and that all of us were inexperienced riders, you can believe it was not the sort of ride we would have chosen had there been any other way to get down there. The mule, when he came to a sharp turn, always swung himself around, clinging to the outer edge of the path, and held his head out over the edge. This part was definitely not good for one's nerves.

Halfway down, we stopped in at a shelter for lunch, then it was up and off again to Hermit Creek Camp at the bottom of the canyon where, after a brief rest, we remounted those horrifying animals for a ride down to the muddy Colorado River and along the stream bed. I still have the colored rock I picked up in the river, though it has meaning and value only to me.

By the time we were back in camp, we were all so tired our feet, legs and knees had absolutely given out, but eating dinner and watching the canyon grow dark and the stars appear made life happy again; so that, by morning, we were ready for an eight o'clock start along that fascinating canyon floor where cactus, mesquite, and huge rocks abounded, and where one could look up, up, up to the rim above.

By lunchtime we had reached the Bright Angel Trail, still in use today, though I am told the Hermit one is not. Until 4:30 we and the slow-climbing mules went up that trail, including Jacob's Ladder, to the rim again. We left Grand Canyon with real respect, even though we ached for days after our ride.

Though there were trees and grass along the bumpy road out to Flagstaff, the land from there to Gallup, New Mexico, was desolate and dry, with strange rock formations. Indians along the way lived in dirty, round hovels with straw or thatch roofs, and door and roof holes the only openings. They made us think of Eskimo igloo pictures. Goats were everywhere, and all along the road were Indian men, women, and children holding out baskets, pottery, and other things to sell.

Later, there were adobe houses, often again without windows, sometimes groups of houses perched on the side of a hill, with ladders to aid in entering. Everything and everybody seemed dirty. The women wore bright shawls and other bright clothing; the Indian girls carried jars of water and other things on their heads. It seemed such a desolate area that we began to feel sorry for its inhabitants.

At Santa Fe, New Mexico, we discovered our car had broken springs and shock absorber problems—the inevitable result of washboard roads, plus rocks and holes. While the car was being mended, we explored this capitol of New Mexico, the

As we neared Wheeling, West Virginia, we noted, again, the large advertising billboards so lacking in the west where, anyway, there was almost no one to read them had they existed in 1928.

second largest city in the United States (though it had a population no greater than Norway, Maine, today). The streets were narrow and the whole city seemed unattractive. Perhaps we were overcritical, for, by now, we were tired of travel and longed to be home where there were clear lakes and rivers and lots of grass and trees. In 1933, I went to Europe for nine weeks, and felt the same toward the end of the journey. Sometimes, one can stay away from home too long.

The car finally fixed, we headed for Las Vegas, lost our way, and ended up driving in the dark rather than stopping by the side of the road. We had seen covered wagons hauled up for the night, and their occupants made us fearful of becoming even overnight neighbors. When we finally found an overnight place, we felt we should stop, no matter what. It did not take long for two of us to discover we had "company" in our beds and both of us moved to the car and spent the rest of the night trying to sleep—exhausted, but grateful for the lack of bed bugs there.

Next day, over better roads, we drove via Raton Pass to Trinidad, Colorado, a lovely city. Another flat tire gave us time to admire the snow-covered mountains around town and to remind ourselves that the ride through northern New Mexico had really been very pretty, with green grass, trees, and wildflowers again, besides lots of healthy-looking cattle.

Colorado roads were in excellent shape, though they were dirt ones; there were hills and trees; the towns were clean; they were threshing wheat as we drove by the vast wheat fields where piles of golden straw were left in the fields after removing the wheat. The "dips" we had noticed for water in New Mexico and Arizona were replaced by bridges here, though they were often rickety narrow ones.

On and on we drove 'til, at last, we were in Topeka, Kansas (their very attractive capitol), then on paved roads at last, to Kansas City where we were surprised to see so many black people—whole sections of the city apparently devoted to them. Across the Missouri River we drove again, through country we liked well enough to be willing to live in, then on through pleasant land and towns much like New England. Often, we found roads paved entirely with brick. The corn, we noticed, was now at least seven feet tall.

At St. Louis, Missouri, we crossed again the famous Mississippi River and into

East St. Louis, Illinois and on to Vandalia to pick up our mail. At Terre Haute, we became aware of oil wells, new to us.

Our ninth flat tire came in Ohio. By this time, the wheels needed aligning and the carburetor cleaning. Small wonder! At Zanesville, we did stop to see Zane Grey's birthplace before crossing the most unusual Y bridge—said to be the only such bridge in the country, and one of two in existence anywhere. This area was a great pottery-making one, besides being very attractive.

As we neared Wheeling, West Virginia, we began again to be aware of the oil wells and the cities again close together. We noted, again, the large advertising billboards so lacking in the west where, anyway, there was almost no one to read them had they existed in 1928. Amusingly, we decided even then that they surely cluttered up the landscape.

Over one hundred miles of brick-paved road and a bridge across the musical-sounding Monongahela River brought us through Pennsylvania to smoky Pittsburgh and beyond. We lost our way often because of detours and a poorly-marked city route. Whit's brother lived in Endeavor and we had promised to stop. This turned out to be a small town with wooden sidewalks—shades of Sundance, Wyoming—where they turned out the electric lights in both town and homes at eleven p.m., and used surplus natural gas for illumination 'til next morning.

Since our hosts' little boy was ill, our stay was only overnight and we were off, heading north through New York State. By now we considered ourselves experts on directional signs and pronounced New York's inferior to the west coast ones.

Though we stopped, as we drove along, to "see the sights" in Watkins Glen and other places we thought we should not miss, I think I have told you about most of the really interesting and different places. We had wondered if, after all we had seen, we would find New England commonplace. Far from it! Even the rain seemed good, and the scenery as thrilling and beautiful as ever.

Late on August 18, I was home, happy to be there and joyously welcomed. I had a new job waiting for me in Massachusetts which paid considerably more than the New Hampshire one. With all that money coming in, I wondered how long it would take me to save enough to see some other part of this wonderful world.

Love,
Grandma Harlow

Catherine L. Harlow, a brave adventure-some girl in 1928, now lives in Norway, Maine. Many thanks to Ann Siekman of Norway Memorial Library, for recommending Mrs. Harlow's tale of inspiration to young girls like her granddaughter, Carolyn.

GEORGE E. FITCH AGENCY GENERAL INSURANCE

Limerick
793-2214

East Sebago
787-2061

Cilla's Shoppe

190 Main St. - Norway, ME 04268
Priscilla Burke
743-9566

Perry & Vanderbilt • Ladies' Apparel

The Blue Ribbon Shop

Sue Beckerley
215 Main St. — Norway

Come in . . .

A refreshing place to exchange
ideas and enlighten your day.

Gifts • Cards • Stationery
Quality Handcrafts • Craft Supplies
Saturday Workshops

Mon.—Fri. 10—5 Sat. 9—5 Sun.—Holidays
by chance

For Local Information

- weather
- events
- sports
- news

WOXO fm 93
am 14

Complete Ski Reports Daily

Studios in Norway, Maine



NOTES FROM BROOKFIELD FARM

by Jack C. Barnes

Fluffy goose-feather snow is floating earthward from a leaden sky. It covers the sullied white which has been rapidly disappearing to the point where there are tender emerald shoots springing up here and there in our pastures and fields. The days are ever so much longer, and it is inebriating to walk to the barn and be caressed by the warm breath of breezes instead of being torn almost asunder by the cold Arctic blasts that at times have made the task of "doing the chores" sheer drudgery.

For some, this snowfall may strike an ominous note. Those who yesterday were optimistic about the prospects of an early spring may be having second thoughts today. Feelings about New England weather are usually ephemeral. But those who are sensitive to the cycle of life realize that this is just a brief intermezzo and Nature's way of performing a purification ritual. The local sages herald such an early spring snowfall as "poor man's fertilizer" and get busy with seed catalogs and the incubator. The cycle is revolving. Perhaps it will pause—but only momentarily.

Our brook broke loose from its icy fetters several weeks ago, and its silvery waters are leaping and tum-

bling merrily along as if delighted at the prospect of reaching the Saco River and the Atlantic. Nothing can silence it this time of year.

I have been working in the woods cutting next year's supply of fuel when a sudden shower of snow was cast skyward as incarcerated bows of fir, spruce, and pine abruptly burst free of the shackles that have bound them for so long; and, unlike the birch trees which still trail their tresses upon the snow, have not lost their resiliency. Already the conifers (in their new snow coats) resemble Muslim women with their white burkas or chaderis who seem to float through the streets of Kabul, Isfahan, Lahore, and other exotic cities with magic names. But, unlike the women adhering to purdah, the trees will soon cast off their white mantles and reveal their inner selves to the world.

This gentle storm will not hinder our sheep at Brookfield Farm from lambing, deter our hens from laying, or abort the sprouting of eggplant seedlings on the kitchen window sill.

No, I shall not despair because we are having a late March snowfall. Instead, I shall take the cross-country skis which have been standing idly on the porch for weeks and glide

along the trail that leads to the far end of our wood lot in the intervals. I want to see if the beavers who built a dam last summer have been awakened by the rumors of approaching spring. If they have been, I doubt that this innocuous storm has disillusioned them.

Then again, I may just trudge up our unplowed road, muddy though it is beneath the snow where the frost has been steadily retreating from the sun's radiance. I may just stand up there on the hill above the house. My old horse rake still sits there, where I left it after haying last summer. I have for weeks been measuring the progress of spring by observing the extent to which this ingenious piece of antiquity has emerged from the snow each day. Its black iron wheels, so like a Buddhist cycle of life, have cast dark shadows across crystal snow on sunny days, creating a marvelous chiaroscuro that even the most talented artist would be hard put to duplicate.

Today, for me, is a brief respite—a momentary change of pace before all the world about me becomes renescent and I must get on with the business of farming.

Brookfield Farm is in Hiram, Maine.

FOUR CORNER GENERAL STORE



Feeds

HIRAM, MAINE
207/625-4082 • 207/935-2203



FOUR CORNER GUN SHOP
GUNS BOUGHT, SOLD
& TRADED
WINCHESTER COLLECTOR

MOUNTAIN VIEW CANOE RENTALS AND VARIETY STORE

We have:
* Daily Specials
(Monday - Friday)
* Eat in - Take out
* Canoe on the
Saco River
* Own Shuttle Service

Open 7 Days
8 a.m. - 11 p.m.

MAIN STREET
HIRAM, ME
207/625-8037



Sebago Road
Hiram, Maine
Oemi Peabody



Classes
Mon.—Thurs.

207/625-8919

HAVE YOU DISCOVERED HIRAM?



Welch's Country Florist
Flowers of Distinction
For All Occasions

Sebago Rd. • Box 71
Hiram, Me. 04041

207/625-8327



Main St.
Hiram, Me.

Kimball Supply Co.



Plumbing, Heating, Electrical
Sales & Service

Kohler • American Standard
Gould Pumps • H.B. Smith Boilers
Williamson Furnaces

Serving Customers Since 1951

Town Line Woodcraft
Featuring the Hiram line
of quality pine furniture



Chests
Dressers
Beds

Tables
Chairs
& Specials



VISIT OUR FACTORY OUTLETS:
In The Old Hiram Woodcraft Mill
Rt. 117 - Hiram, Me. 04041
207/625-8271

OR: Just For You
8 Main St., Gorham, Me.
207/839-2332



**Rte. 25 • Cornish, ME 04020
1-207-625-3953**

For more than a century, The Cornish Country Inn has welcomed travelers in southern Maine with comfortable lodging and a full country breakfast—just 27 miles from No. Conway, N.H. and only 32 miles from Portland.

**In the foothills
of the White Mountains**



*The Cornish
Country
Inn*

Bed and Breakfast

